

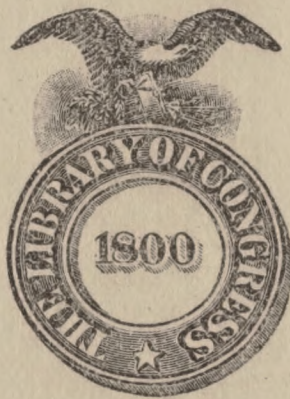
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# *Mr. Smith*

*The Personnel Officer*



*A. Thetford*

PRICE 50 CENTS







# MR. SMITH

## The Personnel Officer

A NOVEL

By

A SOLDIER

Shetford, G

Who was in the United States Army 19  
months and was prevented from  
seeing foreign service by a  
personnel officer.



Facts are so mingled and names and  
places changed as to conceal the identity of  
the characters. Yet the facts are sufficient-  
ly adhered to to make a novel true in  
principle.

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By

A. THETFORD

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

On investigation we find that this story in general is true. It appears that the writer was held in the United States by a personnel officer and that he said, "Someway, sometime that personnel officer is going to pay my way to France."

Let us hope that this wronged soldier gets his trip to France by the sale of this book and that all soldiers may in some way be compensated for their various wrongs and losses.

THETFORD PUBLISHING CO.

DeLand, Fla.



To all who helped  
win the war.



## CHAPTER I.

### LEAVING FOR CAMP

There are days when our natural environment is so perfect that we may sit for hours dreaming dreams and seeing visions. It was such a day in the little county seat village of Bentonville in the purple-topped hills of the Ozarks. Circuit Court had adjourned the previous week and with the passing of the chief event of the season the people returned to their accustomed walks of life while the lawyers sat idle waiting for another term of court.

As they sat in the May sunshine and discussed the events of the past court there was continually heard the name of the young deputy prosecuting attorney. This young lawyer was a rare subject for discussion because he had come from another state and in a short time won a place for which custom said an "outsider" must work for years. Many and various opinions were expressed. Suddenly the discussion was terminated by the appearance of the young lawyer in person. Quickly the conversation was changed to the all important and always interesting subject, the war. This seemed to be the subject always uppermost



in the young lawyer's mind and he was always eager to say and do something for the Allies.

In fact his eagerness was so marked that it began to be whispered that "He is anxious for others to go. Why don't he enlist himself?" Others said, "He is intending to get an easy place at home." One wise lawyer even predicted that he was working to get to be a personnel officer and get to stay in the United States and use his influence for political advancement after the war.

How happy we are when we do so much work for good that we never have time to listen to what gossip has to say. Such was the life of Jewell Black, deputy prosecuting attorney. Though daily idlers weighed him in the balance and oft-times adjudged him lacking, he never ceased working for the Allies and never knew of the criticism.

On May 9th, 1917, gossip had something to work on. The news was passed from mouth to mouth that the deputy prosecuting attorney had resigned. Close on that followed the sure fact that he had closed his law office. Gossip would have had a fertile field if an irate mother had not seen Black crossing the street and stopped to tell him what she thought of him for persuading her son to join the Navy.

Always when this fond mother defended her son there was something interesting. For this



reason the town people gathered around to witness the onslaught. After the terrific bombardment there was a lull and the cool attorney answered. In place of resentment there was sympathy. In the place of anger there was sadness and love. He told her that it was best for some to suffer and die that the world might be free. Then he drew from his pocket an order directing him to report at Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia, to the first officers' training camp. He explained that he had only a little time to report and that he must return to his home in Tennessee and bid farewell to his people, possibly for ever. How different the scene from that anticipated as that mother bade farewell to the young attorney and bid him God-speed as he went to join the Army. The true heart of the American woman gained the ascendancy and she asked him to write to her.

The first boys were leaving for the camps. The war had become a reality. Mothers, fathers, wives, and sweethearts all forsook their ordinary course and lent their energy and time to help win the war.

Our one time irate mother got so busy with Red Cross and other war work that she forgot her selfish interest in her son and gave her time for the good of all.



We can well guess the course of the young attorney for the next few days by reading letters which are now among the most valued treasures of a one time irate mother.

*Dear Mrs. Holmes:*

After spending a few hours with my parents and friends in ———, Tennessee, I am leaving for the camp.

The spirit of Tennessee is right. Instead of wanting me to stay at home my people wanted me to go. Was so proud of my father as he said, "The Volunteer State has never known dishonor. Do your bit; it matters not how small. You should be proud to go from the state of James K. Polk, Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnston." Mother said, "Your forefathers fought for the South. Now you can fight for both the North and South and all humanity. I want you to go and do whatever they want you to do. Don't try to promote yourself beyond what you deserve but hold your country first."

Will write later. Do all you can for the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A.

Yours very truly,

JEWELL BLACK.

In a few days this note followed:



*Dear Mrs. Holmes:*

Just to let you know that I talked to your son's immediate commander and to tell you that I learned he is making a record and will be heard from in this war.

Yours very truly,

JEWELL BLACK.



## CHAPTER II.

### MUTUAL FIRST LOVE

On the morning of May 12th Black arrived at Chattanooga, Tennessee. From there Ft. Oglethorpe was soon reached by automobile.

Already the men from Tennessee and the Carolinas were arriving. All was bustle and hurry. There was no time to lose. As soon as men arrived they were organized into companies and began to learn the elements of drill. Among a hundred and fifty others Black was assigned to the 15th company.

When the first week's work was over many of the men went to Lookout and Signal Mountains to spend the day at ease. Some remained at camp, while others went to Chattanooga. Black, in company with four members of his company, hired a car and went to look over the park and old battle ground.

These were red-blooded young Americans. No wonder they felt pride and ambition as they stood where their fathers stood in the sixties and read on monuments the deeds of the fallen brave. Thus passed away the day before they realized it. Passes did not expire until 11 p. m., but they



wished to be at camp to stand retreat at 5:30. With this in view they started for the camp.

The sun was low in the west. The air became cool as the breeze came down the valley from off the mountains. The road was clear and they drove as fast as they could to reach the camp for retreat. Just as they came in sight of the flag the first note of the bugle sounded. Suddenly the car stood still and five young student officers sprang out and stood at attention saluting the flag.

As the last note sounded and they turned to enter the car they saw the hand of a young lady snap to her side as she went about arranging some wreaths at the foot of a monument. Proverbially the soldier is gallant. Even a civilian personnel officer would have been attracted by the girl who was the object of their admiration. Quietly she went about her endeavors, apparently not noticing the enraptured soldiers. For some time she toyed with the flowers. Then after they were properly arranged she stood and looked at them. The sun cast its lingering rays on the tree tops. The still of the approaching night came on. Yet she stood and gazed at the flowers and the monument. As if held by enchantment five young student officers stood and gazed at Eolene Norvill. Tears dimmed two soulful eyes. A dainty hand-



kerchief brushed those tears away. Then as if by a mighty determination she stood erect, her eyes flashed fire and upon her countenance was written victory. As if speaking to those fallen braves she said, "Here lie brave men, I will maintain their honor." Turning she saw the young student officers.

The shades of night were falling fast. None had noticed the passing of time. Realizing her loneliness and the hour, she slightly shuddered. Then she seemed to realize that she was with future members of the U. S. Army and became confident. As five gallant men stepped forward, she was at ease.

As if she must tell some one she said, "This is the monument erected to my grandfather who was a Federal major of artillery. He stood here in the thickest of the battle until he was wounded, never yielding an inch. He was carried to a hospital where he died. If there had been sufficient nurses he would have lived. Today I have promised him that I will forsake all and become a trained nurse."

In answer to their request that they see her safely home she said, "Before the war is over your life may be in my hands. Now my means of reaching home I trust to you."

It is a wonderful drive from Ft. Oglethorpe to



Chattanooga. The hand of man has aided nature to make it beautiful. When Eolene Norvill's grandfather as a major of artillery with an Ohio battalion marched along this road it was a wilderness. Then officers rode horses or jolted along on caissons, while now there is a steady flow of cars along hard graded roads.

Romance plays a part in the life of all. Cupid is oft-times busy even while the greatest things in life are transpiring. Surely love is a gift of the gods to those fortunate ones who are destined to be happy.

Happy are those who love at first sight and don't have to learn to love. Happiest are those who love with a love that is lasting.

The young love blindly. There is no speculation as to the future. There is no fear of failure in life. There is no considering inheritance and influence. Fond parents oft-times play a part in which gold outweighs love.

The drive was altogether too short for Jewell and Eolene. Why, they could not have told. Yet they lived to find out.

When Eolene said, "Here is where I live. I must hurry in for fear mother is uneasy;" the heart of Jewell felt its first ache. This home is a mansion on the main street of the city. Then Jewell remembered that his home was a farm



house in Tennessee. Yet love will attempt to surmount all barriers. Quietly they walked up the beautiful walk to the door and each paused as if wishing to say something. Then as blunt as a school boy Jewell asked, "May I call to see you Sunday evening? Sunday is the only day we can leave camp." For a moment she hesitated, then answered, "No," and turned towards the door. Turning again she said, "I feel that I want to explain. I have not entered society. Consequently no boy has ever called to see me. Mother believes in parents selecting girls' friends."

Without another word they parted. Yet that night a young student officer lay awake and thought. And when he fell asleep he saw soft brown eyes and wavy brown hair above a sweet face. Likewise in the mind of Eolene there lingered the vision of a young officer with grey eyes and a classical forehead.



## CHAPTER III.

### CONFLICTING PLANS

True love stirs ambition. With true love there are dreams of a home and children to support. Black worked as never before. His days and nights were spent preparing to make a name for himself, fighting the battles of his country. Yet in all his dreams Eolene played a part.

Thus passed away the week. Then Sunday and rest came. With rest there comes thought and oft-times loneliness. This is especially true with the young and those who have been away from home and loved ones but little.

How different were the scenes at the Norvill mansion. When Eolene entered the house after leaving Jewell, her mother met her in the hall. Mothers' eyes are quick to read the mind and heart of their children. Eolene was greeted with, "So you have disobeyed me for the first time in life and have been out riding with soldiers." An explanation followed but to no avail. The mother knew the secret and determined that it should not be.

Calling her daughter to her side Mrs. Norvill



said, "Daughter! Ours is an old and honored family. We have kept it so by selecting suitable husbands for our daughters. I had thought of having you enter society for a few years and then selecting you a suitable husband. Today I have changed my mind. Mr. Scanlin Smith, of Massachusetts, has seen your father and me and we have arranged for your marriage in six months. In the meantime you will enter society and have a good time."

For a moment Eolene stood as if unable to speak. Then she said, "I have always obeyed you and believed you knew best. I have never met Mr. Smith and don't know whether I will love him or not. I don't think I can love him." Then as if fearful lest she should betray her secret, she tried to change the conversation. However, Mrs. Norvill was not to be thwarted and said, "I think you should know something about your husband and also something about these uncertain times and make your future certain." Drawing her daughter to her side Mrs. Norvill said, "Daughter, Mr. Smith belongs to a very wealthy and influential family. He has great political influence. His people can get him any place he likes in the Government service during this war. Many men must be killed. So we must be careful and select a husband who has



influence enough to stay in the United States. Here, daughter, is his picture. What do you think of him?"

Eolene glanced at the picture, then at her mother. As if determined to make no comment she returned the picture, rose and walked out in the flower garden.

The heart of Eolene was sorely tried. For an hour she stood among the flowers as if dazed and not knowing what to do or say. On one side there was love. She knew nothing more. She knew nothing of Jewell's family and wealth. On the other side there was her training from childhood, her parents' council, the precedence set by forefather and what was termed a "suitable husband."

Eolene was called from her reverie by her mother saying, "Come in the house. Have just received a telegram from Mr. Smith that he will be here Sunday." The preparations at the Norvill mansion began at once and continued throughout the week. Yet Eolene seemed to be undecided as to what to do or say. Sunday came bright and clear. It was a lovely May day. At three o'clock, the appointed hour, a limousine stopped in front of the Norvill mansion and a man stepped out, while from a window a girl watched for a first glance at her parents' selection for a husband.



The introduction by Mrs. Norvill was short and business like. After a few minutes Mr. Smith said he wanted to see some one at Ft. Oglethorpe and suggested that they drive out. Presently Mr. Norvill joined the group and they were soon speeding down the beautiful road to the camp.

Mr. Norvill had always somewhat disagreed with his wife concerning the selection of a husband for their only daughter. Some way he believed in the old theory of marrying for love.

When the group arrived at the tower Mr. Norvill suggested that they climb it and view the old battle field. Then he led his wife to a nearby seat while Mr. Smith and Eolene climbed the tower.

Money, power, and influence make some self-confident as well as destroying consideration for others. On reaching the top of the tower Mr. Smith said, "I consider myself very fortunate in getting into the good graces of your parents. I think you will make a very suitable wife." There being no answer he continued, "I am so glad I belong. Look at those poor fellows down there practicing signalling. Some of them must be killed. I shudder at the thought. I don't know what I would do if my people didn't have the influence to keep me at home." As if awakened from a dream, Eolene turned and said, "What?



are you not going into the service?" To which Mr. Smith answered, "Yes, in a way. You see I will have to do something. However, don't be alarmed. My people have arranged for me to be a personnel officer. There is no danger in the world. I will come back to you. In fact I will never leave the best cities in the United States. I won't even be in the Army. I won't have to wear a uniform. I will be a civilian personnel officer."

While Mr. Smith was talking Eolene was apparently listening. However she heard only in part. She was watching a familiar young student officer far down the parade ground signalling to another and she deciphered, "I want to go to France."

Suddenly Eolene sprang to her feet and hissed the words, "You coward! Would you stay at home and as a personnel officer decide where and when others shall go while you are afraid to go? Until you join the forces and offer your services to fight I spurn you from my presence." She quickly descended the tower.

The tell-tale story was written on Eolene's face and detected by the quick eye of the parents. Before any one found words to speak Mr. Smith had descended the tower and appeared in a rage before the Norvills.



In a towering rage Mr. Smith began. "I know what is wrong. I saw the expression on her face as from the tower she watched that student officer signalling. It is all right to encourage others to go to war, but it won't do for me. I know what is wrong. She has fallen in love with a soldier."

Then Mr. Smith thought of himself. He realized that he loved Eolene in the old way and that he had made a mistake by trying to buy her. The thought of losing her suddenly abated his wrath. Then he thought of his usual method and relied on diplomacy. Turning to Eolene he humbly begged her pardon. Then he asked forgiveness of her parents. Apparently he was sorry and would do better.

Eolene thinking she had converted one to the right way of thinking and believing that he would join the colors, sweetly forgave him all and suggested that they drive home.

How little we know of the true intention of those who are extremely diplomatic. How often the innocent trust as they are led to the slaughter.

When Mr. Smith and Mrs. Norvill managed to be alone at the Norvill mansion after tea, two wily heads were put together for scheming. The powers were reviewed. Chief among which was the fact that Mr. Smith was to be a personnel



officer and could assign any and all friends of Eolene where he pleased. The one thing lacking was the name of the student officer and his company. The rest appeared easy to Mr. Smith. This must be found out without Eolene suspecting anything. So it was decided that Eolene should be allowed to attend guard mount at the camp, see the student officer and invite him to the Norvill mansion. Mrs. Norvill was to get the desired information.

Proud of his well-laid plans and confident of their success, Mr. Smith bade the Norvills good night in his usual business-like manner. The night train bore the future personnel officer to Washington to continue the execution of his plans.



## CHAPTER IV.

### GUARD MOUNT AT THE CAMP

The following Thursday morning, Mrs. Norvill suggested that Eolene attend guard mount at the camp. Nothing could have been more pleasing to Eolene. She ran to the phone and arranged for Isabel Greene, her best girl friend, to go with her. During the day she tried to appear composed, but she felt that she was not and that her mother was constantly watching her. As she gathered roses in the garden and then tried to content herself by reading in the library she wondered if she should tell her mother. Finally she decided she should but felt that she could not. At last four o'clock came and then in a little while two girls sat in a limousine on the drill ground, waiting for guard mount, in company with many other spectators. Presently the regular beat of a drum was heard. Then the boys marched on the field in platoons. Soldiers dressed alike, look alike to many people. Yet Eolene quickly discovered Black, who was acting commander of the first platoon.

No formation is prettier than guard mount. This was especially a lovely scene, for the flower



of the nation was gathered at the first training camp. Few passed the strenuous tests whose training was less than a college education and whose physical condition was less than the best. What girl would not be proud that she had a sweetheart there, and what mother would not be proud of a son?

As the troops marched off the field, Black saw Eolene. Between them there exchanged a greeting so quick and being only a look into knowing eyes as to not be detected by the closest of observers. Yet Eolene knew that he would return as soon as the troops were dismissed, and waited. Presently Eolene was surprised by seeing her mother in company with Isabel's mother approaching the car. Mrs. Norvill greeted them with, "The parade is all over. I have missed it. I decided to come too late. However, we can wait a little while and see the men as they prepare for supper."

True to Eolene's prediction, Black, in company with another student officer, soon came walking across the parade ground. Being college men of much training the entire group was soon enjoying a lively conversation which was not disturbed until mess call sounded—



“Rookie, Rookie, Rookie,  
Come and get your chow.  
Rookie, Rookie, Rookie,  
Come and get it now.”

This call always interests soldiers. Yet today there were two for whom it had lost its interest.

Mrs. Greene, being the wife of an Army captain, knew the calls and saved the young men's supper by suggesting that they run along. She then invited them to visit at her home. The same kind invitation was extended by Mrs. Norvill. Never did Eolene dream that her mother's invitation was more than an empty form.



## CHAPTER V.

### CONFLICTING PLANS

Saturday afternoon Student Officers Black and Deal were sent for to report at the company orderly room. This was the first time they had been ordered to report at the company's headquarters. That might mean anything good or bad. So with much concern they prepared to look their best and reported. The company clerk referred to notes made on his calendar and told them to call Chattanooga No. ——. How happy they were when Mrs. Norvill answered the phone and invited them to spend Sunday at her home.

Sunday morning found Black and Deal dressed in their best uniforms long before time for the Norvill car to call for them. Ten o'clock found them at the Norvill mansion. At ten-twenty they were at Sunday school with the girls. At one-thirty they were finishing lunch in true soldier fashion. Then began the afternoon of perfect happiness in the parlor with none present except the four young people. Young student officers and college girls "make hay while the sun shines," for experience teaches both that they can not tell "what a day or an hour may bring forth." Thus



passed away a wonderful day and there sprang up interests which were lasting.

The mind of the young is imaginative. To them the future looks bright and nothing seems impossible. Oft-times deeds of valor are accomplished by the young and impulsive.

These were children of soldiers whose parents were also children of soldiers. No wonder their ambition knows no limit and they strive to make real the creations of their imaginations.

As the hour of the evening grew later many plans for the future were completed. The girls were somewhat disappointed when they were told that they could not go as army nurses, as they were not old enough; regulations requiring that they be twenty-five. However, they were not discouraged. They were willing to do their best in any capacity. So they perfected plans to do work for which they were eligible, agreeing to remain together.

The boys never tired discussing their ambitions. Black wished to be an artillery officer, principally because his grandfather on his mother's side was a famous artilleryman in Lee's Army and fell at Gettysburg. Deal wanted to be an aviator, because he thought it a place for those who were willing to risk all for their country.



Thus passed away the afternoon and the evening. Then came time to return to camp, for passes expired at eleven-thirty.

As they lingeringly said good night, four young Americans pledged themselves to give their all to their country until the war was over, remembering the United States first and asking nothing in return. How happy they must have been. Surely those are happiest who do their duty.

While some build others tear down. Long before midnight Mrs. Norvill sent Mr. Smith the following to Washington: "Jewell Black, Company 15, Student Officers Training Camp. Intentions: to become an artillery officer."

The next day Mrs. Norvill received the following telegram from Mr. Smith: "Have arranged for Black's transfer to Q. M. C. at end of training camp. He will go to Camp Jackson for a few days. Then he will be assigned permanently to Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Florida."



## CHAPTER V.

### FOUR FRIENDS

The first was the most strenuous of all camps. Only a few men were needed and there was the whole United States from which to select. Those who made good, spent their time attending to business. Yet at this camp very little was required on Sunday. There were six days in which to labor and one in which to rest.

The following was the first Sunday in the merry month of June. What can be prettier than a June day in Chickamauga Park? This was especially a lovely day for four people who were already feeling quite an interest in each other as those ties were closer drawn by a happy afternoon spent driving in the park.

Each day brought forth new interest in the camp. History was being made and the United States was hurrying to take a part. Yet at the close of each week, all became quiet. Ours is a religious nation. Our men went to worship Him who is mightier than great armies. Each Sunday Black and Deal attended Sunday school and church. Each Sunday they spent part of the time with Eolene and Isabel. Thus passed away



the months of June and July and ever the friendship of the four grew closer.

One morning, near the close of July, found the student officers who had so far stood the test, shortly after break of day, ready with full field equipment for a ten days' hike down in Georgia. All hearts were gay and eager for the trip. At an early hour the companies moved forward in column of squads at attention. When the camp was cleared, rout step was given. Presently the gay-hearted soldiers began to sing songs and cheer as they marched down the famous road along which Sherman marched to the sea.

It was a healthy, happy bunch of boys as they returned from the ten days' hike, making eighteen miles the last day in the rain, carrying over sixty pounds to the man, with the cavalry preceding part of the way over muddy roads.

The end of the camp drew near. Then came the dance at the country club in honor of the company officers, to which all high officers were invited including the camp commander. The boys were proud of their officers and appreciated what they had done for them and all were eager to attend and make the dance a success. All went whether they danced or not.

This was an occasion long to be remembered. The handsome in olive drab of three states and the



fair of many states were there. As they danced to soft Italian music, the diamond vied with the electricity to see which could be the most brilliant. Yet somewhat apart from the rest, Eolene and Jewell sat the entire evening while Isabel and Henry danced near by and the four talked between dances.

The hour grew late. Yet the merry dance went on. Many friends were made and many happy words were exchanged.

All things good or bad sometime have an end. So did the dance. Some had made friends. Some had merely enjoyed the evening. Four people had discussed the future.

How can we plan for the future when our destiny is in the hands of others? How happy we should be if those who hold our future are real men.

With many a good night promise, each to the other that they would give their all to their country, always remembering that their efforts would be to be near each other until the war was over, they parted. The boys returned to camp anxious to await the next day to hear the reading of the appointments. The girls returned home expecting any minute to hear from their application to do war work.

That night the minds of all were filled with



dreams of future greatness. Yet no one dreamed of climbing the ladder of fame alone. Always there was the vision of another.

To these young people, children in the ways of war, it seemed perfectly easy for them to remain near each other all during the war. Why should they not be assigned to the same camp? The preference should be given those who are concerned and the personnel officers should assign them so as to make their life worth living.

Morning came and ushered in a beautiful day. Yet anxiety to know the future prevented rest. Early in the morning the companies were formed. Still they delayed. Then they were dismissed to wait in the vicinity. Late in the afternoon "Fall in" was heard and in a minute the company was formed. The company commander appeared before the company and began reading the appointments alphabetically. To each man it seemed that they would never get to his name. Finally the captain read "Jewell Black, Q. M. C., assigned to Camp Jackson, S. C." Soon he read "Henry Deal, infantry, assigned to Camp Jackson, S. C."

This was a fateful day. The morning mail brought an assignment for Eolene and Isabel to Camp Jackson.

The assignments were a disappointment to the boys, as they did not get the branches of service



they liked best and were best qualified for. However, this is a common disappointment which happened to many other soldiers. Personnel officers oft-times do not do their duty. Yet there was a redeeming feature. The four could still be together.

The morning mail also brought a letter to Mrs. Norvill which read as follows:

*Dear Mrs. Norvill:*

Congratulate me on my influence. Also consider yourself a good detective and politician. Have managed to have Black and Deal appointed to places they don't like. Will see that they don't get anything. Will show Eolene and Isabel something.

Will be in Chattanooga in a few days as soon as those young "shave tails" are out of the way. Make the girls think that they were not competent to be artillery and aviation officers.

Everything worked lovely. Was able to put friends in the places those upstarts wanted and would have gotten if it hadn't been for me.

SCANLIN SMITH.

Fifteen days' delay in travel was allowed the young officers in which to return home, arrange business affairs, and bid farewell to friends and loved ones. Yet Jewell and Henry lingered a day



in Chattanooga. Then all holding a "You will report" at Camp Jackson, they parted to be reunited in South Carolina in fifteen days.

How fast the time flies when we know there are only a few days and then we part from our favorite haunts and those whom we have known and loved possibly never to return. Weak characters may have faltered, but such men and women as were joining the colors never faltered. They were men glad to see the days of rest pass so that they might turn to the business of the United States.



## CHAPTER VII.

### IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Proverbially South Carolina is the state of ancestors and broken down aristocracy. The Civil War so completely devastated the state that they have never recovered, neither do they seem to care to recover. They are content to walk among the ruins of a once great state and grieve for the past.

Columbia, the capitol, near where Camp Jackson was located, is a typical overgrown country town of the old type. It is not like the busy city of today. One feels like he was living in the days before the Civil War.

With pride South Carolinians point to the places on the sand where early settlers landed, and then went to settle the states further west. They refer to famous South Carolinians of the past. Yet they apparently care nothing for the future.

Here at least is one place where the world war has done good. The state of South Carolina has been awakened from a dream state and will likely become progressive through having many soldiers within her borders. She will likely change from



a state of poor sandy soil covered with small pine to a progressive state.

Ignorance and false standards have always been an enemy to progress. How different is the South Carolina after the war from that before.

It is said, and I believe it—I was there in the early days of the war—that there were people in South Carolina as shy of a stranger as a country mule is of a street car. Local verbal history declares that a man moved to a locality in South Carolina at the age of five, his parents bringing affidavits from all the leading citizens of their home, touching good character and other things which make good citizens, and settled. That he lived in the same house until he was eighty, dying the best and most useful citizen in the country. Yet they insisted on writing on his tombstone, "We have only known him seventy-five years. We guess he is all right."

In the early days of the war, soldiers oft-times met a reception in a few places in conformity with ideas of class distinction, ancestors and wealth. However, enlightenment soon began to dawn, crowding out ignorance and malice. Today the spirit of democracy prevails even in the least progressive states. This has been largely brought about by the war.

Early in September our four friends were re-



ceived in the then South Carolina style. Here they remained three months and were transferred to another camp. Let us hope that they may return some day and find a new South Carolina. A South Carolina where accomplishment has ousted pride, where ancestors are forgotten by the present generation because they are busy doing something themselves, and where ignorance and consequently antipathy against the outsider has forever been relegated to the past.

It was a typical South Carolina September day, the first Sunday in the month. In the Army there are no days of unpacking and straightening up even for girls. A few minutes and all is ready for housekeeping or travel.

For our four friends work was comparatively easy at Camp Jackson. Duty usually lasted only a few hours each day. Then all were free to go where they pleased.

With Sunday came preparations for attending church. Always there is more or less interest for soldiers around the church. At church there is no difference in rank. A private may sit by a major general. All worship the same Creator.

Nothing is more home-like for soldiers, especially the young and those who have never been away from home much, than the church where the people are hospitable. Sometimes even



at the church there are those who draw their skirts a little closer, think of their ancestors and appear what they think to be dignified. Yet the American soldier is so broad and so secure in his knowledge of his worth that very rarely they ever see such actions. How many were distant, how many had seen the handwriting on the wall and how many were real men and women at the Presbyterian Church that first Sunday in September, will never be known by our four friends because they were too much interested in other things. This was their first meeting since reporting at Camp Jackson.

Among the church announcements there was an invitation to all soldiers to attend a church sociable the following Saturday evening in the church parlors. The announcement further stated that the girls from Chicora College would be present. Many were the soldier hearts that beat with joy because in the upper left-hand gallery could be seen the fair daughters of South Carolina.

People should never become so interested in a few friends as to forget that there are many other people just as interesting. Neither were our four friends inclined to be selfish. Yet they much preferred being together every evening they were away from camp. However their being together would not prevent their meeting other people.



As soon as church was over they agreed to go to the Jefferson Hotel for lunch. After which they spent the afternoon car riding.

To a great extent we are children of our environment. So let us turn to the surroundings in which the young ladies of Chicora College live in order that we may know the people our friends met the night of the church entertainment.

Chicora College for young ladies, is located in the main and I might say one of the best parts of the city. Columbia is an old town in its ways. Yet Chicora College is older. The grounds are surrounded by a high brick wall on all sides except the front, along which runs a high iron fence built of long spike-like pieces of iron. The whole place has more the appearance of an ancient convent than a modern school. There are little narrow niches in the walls through which people go in and out. There is a thick growth of trees almost hiding the ancient buildings. Strangers stop and pause and wonder what it is.

Most of the students are farmers' daughters. They are raised on the quiet cotton plantations of South Carolina far from the busy world and consequently have all the characteristics of those who grow up far from the ordinary haunts of mankind. Their life has been so quiet and uneventful, save for the ordinary routine of rural life,



that Chicora College satisfies them. They are just as happy as if they were attending a modern up-to-date school, for they have never known any other. Their entertainments conform to the old style. Their quaint ways are, as expressed by one Tennessee officer who was used to real schools, "A mixture of pathos and comedy." Yet they are happy. Happily they may never know about other schools and will never know but what they have really been to college.

So often real college life destroys the womanly part of woman and leaves her a mere highly developed machine to in turn train others for the same fate. Too often they develop into haters of home and children, thus bringing unrest and dissatisfaction on themselves and finally old age and disappointment.

Happily Chicora is no such school. Here develop some of the sweetest girls we know. Theirs is the true ambition. They are daughters of the Old South, reared free from contamination at home and educated behind high walls.

Yet for some girls high walls are no barriers when gay soldiers and officers are in town. If we should follow our officer friends for the next three months we might relate some thrilling experiences. We might learn just how fair lassies escaped beyond the walls and returned. How-



ever, it would be unfair to others who may also wish to escape out into the world for a few hours by the same means.

Saturday night found the plans of our four friends changed. There was to be an entertainment at Columbia College, which is a modern college built in the edge of Columbia, with beautiful spacious grounds. All wanted to go there and agreed. Yet when the time came Lieut. Black insisted on going to Chicora. Why, he would not tell. It was afterwards suspected that the reason why he was usually seen there on all occasions during his three months' stay at Camp Jackson, whether he wanted to go or not, was that he was assigned that particular place for doing some kind of secret service work.

At the appointed hour many gay soldiers were present. Chevrons and leather leggings mixed among the men while they impatiently waited for the Chicora girls. Suddenly there was a hush. All eyes were turned to the door while Mrs. Byrd, the lady principal, marched in with her bevy of young ladies. Presently all were happy as they indulged in the quaint games of South Carolina, to the amusement of the outsiders. Almost one could think they were living in the good old days of our fathers. How happy they were. Happily



they may remain there and avoid the snares of much high modern society.

At an early hour, after much seeking about in the various rooms, Mrs. Byrd gathered her brood together and began an orderly march towards home. Many were the good nights and secret vows for further conquests as they lingered in line. Then the fatal words, "Attention! Forward march!" ended the evening's entertainment, for who could be satisfied after the Chicora girls were gone.

Agreeing that the evening was well spent our four friends started to camp. On the way out each had a story to tell touching on the beginning of social conquests. The girls had admired two corporals from Nevada. Lieut. Deal had most fallen for a Mississippi girl, while Lieut. Black mentioned a blue-eyed daughter of South Carolina, and hushed. All eyes were turned on him, for they thought his voice sounded slightly of real earnestness. Much was the raillery and laughter of Deal and Isabel about forgetting the girl at home. Eolene knew that there was no girl at home to forget and knew that he cared nothing for any of them. How happy are those who are not jealous and are sure of their friends. Neither did Black think Eolene cared for the corporal. Secretly neither was Lieut. Deal or Isabel interested in any one else.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### LEISURE AND LOVE

Now came the Fall time. With it there came cool days and cooler nights. Then came the tourists to visit Columbia. Never before was Columbia so prosperous. The camp brought thousands of new people and much wealth. The sleepy old town suddenly became awake. People came from all parts of the country. Some came sight-seeing, some to do war work, while some were profiteering. All were welcome then because so much was not known about those who have used the war as a means of profiteering and there was not the present antipathy against them. The happy, honest, unsuspecting mind never dreamed of the ways the unscrupulous have done to make money even off the soldiers.

There came a season of entertainment and happiness. Gay dinner parties and dances were always in progress. There were invitations for all from the privates to major generals. The men mixed in various pleasures and the gold bar of the second lieutenants brushed the stars of major generals in the merry dance.

Yet in it all there was the ever watchful war



profiteer, ever eager to take from the soldier his money and give him nothing in return.

Soon came cool nights in which the atmosphere was damp and sickly. Many men took cold because they slept cold. There were not sufficient blankets. Some men bought blankets themselves. A firm in Columbia had a supply of regulation blankets.

The Quartermaster learned that there were regulation blankets in town. He sent trucks for them all, to issue to the men to prevent disease and death. The mercantile house gladly sent him all they had. However, they sent a bill asking an enormous price. The Quartermaster was shocked. Such a thing was new. He had never thought of profiteers going to that extent. Luckily the Quartermaster was not daunted. There was no use to be. The United States is stronger than those few who profiteer. He had the blankets. Under the law he had a right to them. It was up to the mercantile company to get their money. The Quartermaster went to town to settle for the blankets. They claimed high prices, war time advanced prices and all the things claimed by profiteers. The Quartermaster demanded the invoice. They refused. Turning he told them he was ready to settle, allowing them ten per cent above all cost including interest on money and



that he would settle when they were ready to settle on those terms. They knew that with honest officers they could not defy the government. They settled on that just basis. Thus the United States and consequently the whole people were saved an enormous profit and many men slept warm.

Our friends still lingered in South Carolina with but little to do. Consequently there was no end to their pleasure.

Rarely as much as three days passed without their attending something of interest. There were shows, operas, dinners and dances. Yet the chief pleasure was the visits to Columbia College.

Columbia College is a modern school. It is built and operated after the plan of the best schools in Tennessee and other more progressive neighboring states. The building and equipment is good and the teachers are the best. No wonder that the best men and officers soon chose that school to visit.

Many evenings were spent by our four friends at Columbia College. Fond memory will oft-times return to many as they review evenings spent there. Yet of all evenings, that of Hallowe'en was the most enjoyable. The pick of Camp Jackson supplied the men while South Carolina's fairest were made more beautiful by their Hallowe'en costumes. The usual festivities



continued until far in the night. That evening will long be remembered by all and four people will remember it always.

Out on the lawn near the fountain there are rustic seats. Many a lover has sat there in the pale moonlight as he told his tale of love to Columbia College girls. Tonight these seats somewhat apart were occupied by others.

Far into the night they sat and talked. Then the lights in the college winked. That was the sign that in five minutes the girls must bid their friends good night. Yet they lingered. Soon the visitors noisily passed down the walk and were heard driving away. The silvery moon sank low and cast a long shadow, completely hiding the rustic seats from view. How swiftly time passes for young lovers.

The lights in the college had been extinguished and all was quiet long ago. Yet a passer-by might have heard the word "yes" spoken by two young ladies and if he had lingered he might have heard further words stifled by fond embraces. Thus hearts were united and promises made effective after the war.

Happy are those who feel sure that their chosen companion for life is true, caring nothing for none other save themselves. Happier are they whose lives are serene and no crosses come to mar



their first love. Rarely is such the case. There are usually ambitious parents craving for wealth and power, other love affairs or some of the other various things which beset lovers.

Now came a season of unrest and expectation. Each day orders were being received sending men to all parts of the world. Your best friend with whom you were to go to a show the following evening may before that time be on his way to a new assignment, many miles away. Friendship and loved ones were secondary thoughts to duty and ambition to get into the fight. Though many parted lingeringly, but few regretted that they were going.

The first of December Lieut. Deal was assigned to command a company of infantry and was instructed to be ready to leave at any moment. The heart of the young officer swelled with pride. His was an assignment with troops who would see real service. The war was yet young and what might he not accomplish before it ended. He could already see visions of stars replacing gold bars.

This was a week of much thought and consideration for Isabel. In the past the time of parting seemed far away. Now any minute there might come an order separating them.

What is sweeter than the last hour together



of those who are to separate possibly for ever. It was decided that the last Sunday should be spent in some quiet place far from the rush of war-time preparation. Leaves were obtained and the Saturday evening train found our four friends on their way to visit friends at Manning, South Carolina. These friends were two daughters of a wealthy farmer and lived on a big plantation in the heart of South Carolina's best cotton section.

There is a witchery about an old plantation. Someway the mind wanders back to days when the whites lived at ease in wealth and the negroes were happy on the plantations instead of being crowded in tenant houses in towns and cities. There are constantly arising visions of the cabins, the old plantation home and the colored dances.

To such a place our four friends went to spend a few last hours together. True ante-bellum hospitality still reigns in that home. The negroes were still there though a little less happy because they are always mere children and need some one to think for them. Yet they are much happier than those who have left the farms.

The evening was spent at a real Saturday night colored dance. To those who have never attended, such a sight is well worth while. This was a real "slave-time dance." Those good old times are forever gone from the darkies. Now



they must compete with the races whom ages have developed.

At the dance there were four who were perfectly happy save for the knowledge that a few short hours and they must part.

It was late fall. The wind blew cold from the north. No more was the whir of the quail heard in the open, for he sought the warm sunny places in the brush. The corn was gathered and only here and there was to be seen a little cotton being gathered by darkies with cloths wrapped around their heads. The scenery was antique and interesting. Yet our four friends only saw as if in a dream. As they drove over broad fields in the late fall sunshine they involuntarily thought of the approaching hour of separation.

Then came the late afternoon and a farm supper served in the twilight. Darkies shuffled to and fro as in the days of slavery. Yet there was a sadness among them, for they too were giving their best to win the war. Some of the most popular young darkies had already joined the colors.

The next morning found our four friends back at Camp Jackson anxiously awaiting the hour when they could see the new orders which were reported to have arrived by telegram the night before.



Someway soldiers seem to have a premonition when something is about to take place vitally affecting them. True to our friends' expectations there were orders for all four. Deal was to start to the port of embarkation by Wednesday. The other three were to travel by special train to Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Florida, leaving Tuesday. All were eager to get started, yet they dreaded the parting.

It is unfair to describe the scenes as soldiers start to war. The last fond embrace and the tears shed might cause those who know less of the American soldier to think that he might be made to regret the hour he left. Yet such is not true. For the true soldier there is sorrow, yet he will not turn back.

Tuesday being the last night for all in Columbia and the expected scenes being too sad, it was arranged to take supper at the Jefferson Hotel and then go to the theater. Fate is oft-times kind. Sometimes we are spared sad partings. At 2:15 p. m. Tuesday afternoon, Lieut. Deal received orders to get his company ready to leave by 4:30. There was no time for anything except duty.

It was a sad party of three that evening as they attempted to carry the arranged program through. One was lost to them, but the cause



of humanity had a gallant young lieutenant in command of brave soldiers on their way to foreign fields.

Events transpire so fast in war time that we can not think of the past for attending to present business. This is well. It is better to be so busy that sad thoughts can not linger.

While our three friends were speeding on a special train through beautiful farming country to their new assignments, another train was carrying a letter to Mrs. Norvill which was eagerly read by her as follows:

*Dear Mrs. Norvill:*

Have succeeded in sending Lieut. Deal to France in command of an infantry company. That company will, I know, see early service. There is no chance for Lieut. Deal to return. I can manage his assignments over there. So we have him out of the way.

Have succeeded, by my influence, to assign Lieut. Black to Camp J. E. Johnston, permanently. Will see that he is not given a chance. Will see that he is held there. So I will show him how to interfere with our plans. Will make Eolene think he is not brave and don't want to fight.

The girls are both assigned to Camp J. E.



Johnston. I am to go to Camp Johnston soon and be a personnel officer.

SCANLIN SMITH.

P. S.—If the war will just last long enough I will be a rich man. My influence has caused some of the interests to let me in on the good things. S. S.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THREE IN FLORIDA—ONE IN FRANCE

There is no prettier camp than J. E. Johnston. It is situated twelve miles up the beautiful St. Johns river from Jacksonville. The place selected for the camp was known as Black Point. Already there was a beautiful developed park and a rifle range. For years there had been a camping ground there used by the Florida State troops. There the St. Johns broadens into a lake about three miles across. Opposite the camp is Mandarin, which at the time of the Civil War was a famous orange growing section. There are still some groves protected by the water. The camp is reached by boat on the St. Johns and by auto line.

There is no branch of the service quite so intricate and difficult to learn as the quartermaster work. No one is capable of knowing all the branches. There is the safe business-like paymaster, who remains with his cash far from the firing line, and has no use for anything more deadly than side arms, principally worn by him as an ornament. On the other hand there are the motor truck trains (now formed into a separate



branch, the M. T. C.) who though having all the duties of quartermasters, also carry guns and have all the added work of infantry men because oft-times they must fight their way in and out from their advanced bases. There are also quartermasters who stay at advanced bases of supply and are oft-times targets for artillery and also airplanes. Each transport has its quartermaster. In fact the business of the Army is done by the Q. M. C. To attend to this, they must be at all places ranging from the most dangerous places on the firing line to the personnel branch in the United States.

In this intricate branch of the service, Black found himself laboring all day and far into the night. There was no time for anything except duty until things could be straightened out. Likewise the girls found plenty to do. They were so busy fighting the cause of their country that they did not have time to notice what was going on around them. They knew of course that meals alone cost \$1.17 per day and that the young officers were not permitted to take meals at any except the place which had been arranged for them by those higher up.

By constant work our friends managed to systematize their work in their offices and thereby



save labor. Then there came time for rest and visits to Jacksonville.

It was now December and the tourists were swarming to Florida to avoid the cold of the North and to enjoy themselves in America's big playground. There were tennis and golf enthusiasts, fishermen, hunters and sight-seers. They came from all places and were all kinds of people.

An order was published granting over-night passes from Saturday afternoon until Sunday night. This was well, for no one can stand the grind of quartermaster work as well without as with rest and recreation away from the scenes of their labor.

No more did gay parties attended by many handsome officers interest Isabel. Her main pleasure was receiving a daily letter from Lieut. Deal, who never failed to write. Although he could not tell where he was and what he was doing, it was a comfort to know that he was well and still among the living. However, some recreation was necessary and she consented to accompany Eolene and Jewell to Jacksonville to get a real meal and go to a show. The plans were all laid to leave at four o'clock. They were to meet at the pier and go by boat down the beautiful St. Johns.

It was necessary for every one leaving camp to



get a pass if going for twenty-four hours. Little did Jewell think just how much obtaining that pass would alter the week-end for him. Each Saturday Mr. Smith had wondered why Jewell never asked for a pass and each time he felt disappointed. It grieved him to know that Jewell was working hard instead of wasting time as he and a few other officers were doing in Jacksonville.

A few minutes before four o'clock Mr. Smith looked to see if Lieut. Black had been granted a pass. Seeing that he had he walked to the front door and paused as if trying to decide some question. Just then he saw Lieut. Black in company with Eolene and Isabel on their way to the pier. Hurriedly he reentered headquarters office and managed to have the order changed, making Lieut. Black officer of the day and placing him on duty for the next twenty-four hours. He pointed out Black to an orderly and told him to deliver the order. Then he casually strolled down to the pier. As if surprised at seeing them, he spoke to our three friends as if he had just seen them. Presently the order was delivered to Lieut. Black. Looking at his watch Lieut. Black said, "I have only ten minutes in which to report for guard mount. I am the new O. D."

Mr. Smith expressed his sorrow at the unfortunate condition just as if he hadn't brought it



about and suggested that he accompany the young ladies to the city so that their evening would not be lost. None suspecting, this was agreed to by all. Lieut. Black having never met him except officially, thought everything was all right. Yet something about the man caused him to be distrustful. Then thinking it was nothing except seeing a man in civilian clothes doing army work, his suspicion was no further aroused. Yet it was strange to see a man who should be wearing uniform in civilian clothes doing army work.

Presently there was heard the characteristic river boat whistle. Then the chug of the engine and they were off. There are no prettier streams than the St. Johns. It is more like a chain of clear lakes than a river. The banks are low and thickly wooded with many kinds of trees, hiding the land from view except in the open places where the hand of man has taken a part and made inroads on the natural flora and built homes with lawns extending down to the water front and walks terminating at boat houses at which oft-times there float water craft ready for business or pleasure.

The St. Johns is a strange and historic river. It is the largest river in the United States flowing north. Along this same mysterious stream the early Spanish settlers traveled seeking for the



fabled fountain of youth and for treasure. They were destined to disappointment. Yet they discovered a land where many go and regain health and find treasure in Florida's many resources.

The innocent enjoy whatever the Creator of nature made for their enjoyment. To our three friends the light breeze in a semi-tropical climate was refreshing and the scenery was grand. How different was the sentiment of Mr. Smith. He failed to enjoy a perfect day because in his mind there were developing dark and sinister plans against the happiness of others in order that he might gratify ambition. Always he had won, irrespective of right. His was the mind of "Kaiser Bill himself." Enough said.

Mr. Smith being "on the inside," and having many war time profiteering interests, had money galore. Money is a power and Mr. Smith started out to use it to help win Eolene. He also attempted to buy the influence of Isabel by spending his ill-gotten wealth lavishly on her. They went early to the Seminole Hotel for supper. The best that money could buy was theirs and truly the Seminole is a hotel worthy of a growing city enjoying prosperity. Long they tarried and many courses were served.

When they finished supper a limousine was waiting at the curb. They then started to see the



city before time to go to the theater. Involuntarily there arose questions in our lady friends' minds. There are usually two questions to answer, why? and how? The questions uppermost in their minds was why Mr. Smith was so extravagant and how he could be. Eolene felt sure she knew why, as Mr. Smith was her parents' chosen husband for her. But the how she could not imagine. Her mother had reviewed all of Mr. Smith's resources time and again to her and they could not stand such extravagance. Isabel was in total darkness. Someway Eolene had never summed up courage to tell her. Once or twice she had tried, but always she shuddered and just couldn't.

It was a beautiful scene as our friends and Mr. Smith slowly drove through town. Jacksonville is distinctly a tourist city. There is no smoke and noise of manufactories. The buildings are mostly white and flowers and shrubbery grow clean and pretty. The lights are brilliant, displaying a great city made greater by an army camp.

Many officers paraded the streets in well-fitting uniforms. Automobiles constantly stopped in front of leading hotels and women having all that wealth and beauty ever gave, quickly alighted



and were ushered in to begin the evening with gay festivities lasting well into the night.

Pretty soon the beautiful no longer appeared to Mr. Smith. His mind constantly returned to thoughts of gaining wealth by whatever means presented itself. Presently he called to the chauffeur to stop in front of a restaurant where many enlisted men were eating supper. The sight seemed to be pleasing to Mr. Smith. Why, we will see by this conversation. "I always like to stop here and watch the men eat. It is like watching money fall into one's pocket." This evoked an involuntary why from both girls. "Because every dollar spent in there brings something to those—" Then he suddenly hushed. Turning to the chauffeur he said, "Drive on."

Before the car started there seemed to be a commotion in the restaurant about something. Naturally all wanted to see what was wrong. On entering the restaurant the little crowd of observers from the car found out that there was an argument between the waiter and a private soldier. The soldier held a bill of fare which he picked up on the table where he was eating showing the cost of the supper he had just eaten, while the waiter held a copy he had just received announcing higher prices on everything. Rightfully the soldier maintained that he pay by the



contract given him. All the waiter could say was, "Everything has gone up. They have told us to go up."

There was considerable surprise when a girl's voice was heard apparently taking the side of the soldier as she asked "What has gone up and who told restaurants to go up? Have you bought anything at the advanced prices the last few minutes since you changed or have you just gone up? Who told you to go up?" Taken by surprise, the waiter (it happened this waiter was the proprietor acting waiter to hear what the soldiers said to see if they were going to stand for a raise) said, "You don't understand the inside of things." The conversation was cut short by Mr. Smith, who said, "Just see what that soldier has to say."

The statement of the soldier was to the point and was an honest confession. Pride causes many soldiers to give their last penny and go hungry. Yet here was one who had to lay aside pride or deprive a widowed mother. He had the courage to speak for his rights.

This was his defense against the small profiteer working in unison with the greater. "I have a widowed mother who worked faithfully to send me to school. She made a good part of the money sewing. At the beginning of the war I volunteered, being assured that I would be promoted and



would be able to care for mother. I had all my recommendations and was progressing fine when I was assigned to this camp. Someway the personnel branch lost my record. They have refused to allow me even an interview. Now I have to save every cent I can to send home. I have been away from the camp only once in a month and I don't want to be robbed by profiteers."

At these words Mr. Smith became very angry and said, "I will show you how to interfere with those above you. I am connected with the personnel branch if I am a civilian."

The affair was suddenly broken up by the appearance of a military policeman, who grabbed Mr. Smith by the shoulder and said, "Fussing with soldiers, are you?" Highly indignant Mr. Smith told the M. P. that he was in the Army and high enough up to cause him trouble. To this the M. P. answered, "Talk to me about being in the Army in those togs. Before you get in the Army you should leave that finery at the 'bull pen.'" Walking to the door leading Mr. Smith he gave him instructions to "beat it."

Eolene said to the soldier "He is over you. You had better pay and get away before he gets your name." Then came the confession from the soldier that he didn't have the money. A dozen soldier hands sought their pocket books but



Eolene quickly placed the money in the waiter's hand and hurried away.

After Eolene left a soldier said, "That is some girl." All agreed by chorusing "She sure is."

When the girls reached the street they found Mr. Smith arguing with a M. P. sergeant trying to get him to arrest the private. The sergeant told him to see a "cop" if he had a case against him and passed on.

It was now time for the opera. One of the best plays of the season was staged that evening. The girls were too interested in the play to talk and Mr. Smith was too angry.

With the cooling effect of fresh air as they started to camp, Mr. Smith's anger somewhat cooled and he became talkative. The night was too beautiful and the girls too happy to more than answer civilly and Mr. Smith was left to comment on whatever subject he saw fit.

Seeing two long lines of soldiers, Mr. Smith seemed somewhat pleased as he remarked, "They may insult me. Nevertheless they will stand in that line until they can get such conveyance as is seen fit for them to have. No one runs autos to the camp except those who have a permit. The street car goes no further than Ortega and won't soon. Transportation rates are going up. So is everything else. Things will soon be so high that



they will be willing to attend to their own business when they get to go to town. They can't go more than once a month." Then he lapsed into silence.

Shortly after passing the end of the car line at Ortega there were many soldiers walking to the camp. As they passed under lights it was seen that they were privates. Their faces showed care and anxiety. Evidently they had some other place to spend their money and could not afford to travel by automobile. Then several cars stopped and picked up most of them for a free ride. As Mr. Smith's car passed the girls were amused by hearing "Go on, we will walk."

As the Smith car slowed down on a curve a car darted by carrying a high officer and five enlisted men. The officer turned and asked, "Who is in charge of that car?" Recognizing a superior officer Mr. Smith promptly answered, "I am." To which he received "Then why don't you pick up some of those soldiers? Do you think they like to walk?" The Smith car stopped and three soldiers climbed in. Then one said, "No; I will walk," and got out. All recognized the soldier of the restaurant affair.

When the gate was reached the Smith car was stopped and Mr. Smith was notified that it was past the hour that civilians enter camp. To this Mr. Smith protested and claimed that he was in



the Army. Finally after much telephoning he was allowed to pass. As he did so the sergeant of the guard remarked, "Why is he not in the Army the same as the rest of us?" A corporal who knew the facts said, "He is a 'dollar-a-year man,' but how he lives on it I don't know. His outside income won't allow it."

That night Mr. Smith prided himself on his power and influence. He had shown the girl of his choice that he "belonged." He would have a nice little story to write to Mrs. Norvill.

Two girls soon fell asleep. They did not understand then what many know now and there would have been no use for them to have spent time wondering how it all was.



## CHAPTER X.

### EVENTFUL TIMES FOR ALL

Time passed on and many things happened. Each week saw many men on their way to the war. Some days there was a rush to get organizations ready. Then there would be days when all was quiet.

In the way of appointments and promotions there were many strange things. One day a second lieutenant commanding a company was giving instructions to his first sergeant. The next day the same sergeant stood in the office, made a captain over the head of his company commander and many other good officers who for months had worked diligently. The same captain was sent over seas while other officers toiled on performing work calling for higher rank.

A boy was sent before the personnel board for examination for the officers training school. It developed that he was under twenty-one. Yet he was knowingly sent. Think of the many boys under twenty-one who didn't have the influence who could not become officers. Then why should this be an exception?



When our good old Uncle Sam finds out some things which happened I am sure he will be surprised. His wrath would be just.

In the rush of war when earnest men were busy fighting the cause of the Allies, less scrupulous men were allowed to thrive.

The war is over. Now Uncle Sam has time to see to those who came in lambs' clothes but proved to be wolves.

How easy it was for the trusting, honest soldier to be imposed on by the unscrupulous.

As occasion would permit our friends saw each other. Several happy hours were spent together but always visits were short on account of much work.

Mr. Smith had not seen fit to call on Eolene but contented himself by sending her some presents. Near the middle of December Mrs. Norvill received a letter as follows, omitting the first part:

"Business is fine. Will soon be a rich man. Am promoting men from my section and holding others down. Think it a good political scheme. Am sure will have enough influence to justify my making the race for a good political job the first opportunity after the war is over. Am beginning



to almost wish the war over so that I could enter politics. Interests have become so strong that they will prevail at least a while after the war.

“SCANLIN SMITH.”

Each day unless there was a delay caused by the mail service, brought a letter from Lieut. Deal to Isabel. Always he was happy and eager for action. Always he wanted to help drive the Hun back.

It was approaching Christmas time. The question of presents was to be thought about. As is customary in many families, presents are given as tokens of love and are not expensive. Mrs. Norvill wrote and asked Eolene what she wanted by which to remember her first year in the Army work. This as indicated by her letter was what she wanted.

*Dear Mother:*

It has been so long since I have thought of anything except the great cause that I no longer care for anything for myself until the war is won. Send me some inexpensive token of love and give all the money you can to buy liberty bonds.

EOLENE NORVILL.

Then followed a long letter dealing with many personal affairs.



Christmas morning came. Many expected that somehow peace would be made on this holiest of all holy days. Yet it brought us only a little nearer.

Many soldiers thought of home people and friends as they opened their Christmas presents sent by loved ones. On many faces where there was no mark of expectation, there was written joy because someone remembered them. Oft-times the giver was a stranger, possibly some kind heart who only knew the name taken from the roster. Those receiving less oft-times appreciate more.

Many happy smiling faces went about the camp that day but none was happier than Eolene. May we read and see why?

*Dear Daughter:*

Guess you will be surprised. I was surprised at myself. However, I am so glad and happy. I don't see why I lived so long without knowing what true life is like. Once I thought it was to take from others and hoard up. Now I know that it is to give where needed.

By which to remember this Christmas I have invested all my spare money in bonds and am placing them in the bank as a Christmas gift to you. Herewith find the receipts. You may think



I am giving much. I am not. I have received much more.

Today I joined some War Work societies and will devote all my evenings to help win the war. Eolene, now I could not stand it if you should ever marry a man who was a slacker. I still want you to marry Mr. Smith if he will join the Army. If he don't I want you to marry some one who has worn the olive drab.

I am going to visit you sometime.

I am so proud of the record my little daughter is making.

MOTHER.

Eolene was too happy for words to express her joy. All day she went about her work with a smile and laughter. Many a soldier bore a lighter and happier heart after receiving her cheerful greeting as she spoke a kind word and went on with her work.

Mr. Smith passing where Eolene was at work received such a merry greeting that he mistook her meaning and thought that the sight of him caused the pleasantry.

Pausing a moment and speaking so low that those around could not hear, Mr. Smith asked Eolene if he might see her that evening. She told him that she had promised Lieut. Black and Isabel that she would go to church. Then she



told him that they would like to have him go, she was sure. She gently hinted that Lieut. Deal being in France, Isabel would surely appreciate his company. At that particular moment Isabel came to the door and motioned to Eolene. Then seeing Mr. Smith she came forward and extended her hand, greeting him with wishes of much happiness. Eolene told Isabel that Mr. Smith was going with them to church that evening and then hurried to ask what she received as Christmas presents.

Christmas presents seemed to be what was on Isabel's mind and had caused her to call Eolene, for she at once took the covering away and displayed the crest of a German helmet and said, "He sends me many war trophies to keep for him. He gave this one to me as a Christmas present. I just know he had something to do with capturing it. His handwriting was shaky as if he was tired or excited."

The phone rang. It proved to be Jewell, who stated that he would be a little late on account of extra work.

At the appointed hour our three friends and Mr. Smith were on their way to church. Mr. Smith had learned by experience that it was best to talk as if he was anxious to help win the war. The others were interested to the extent of all they



possessed and their entire time. So the subject of conversation was winning the war.

On arriving at the church it was learned that the evening was to be devoted to a church sociable. People met and talked. Games were played and refreshments served. All were happy, especially the soldiers who but rarely had any real entertainment.

Somewhat tiring of the games the people began to form in small groups and talk. Some few sat alone and watched while often two sat and talked together.

Mr. Smith asked Eolene if he might talk to her a while. She granted his request and they sought a secluded vacant corner in an adjacent room near by a window. The soft wind blew gently from the east, bearing atmosphere slightly salty. The moon cast her silvery beams on the lawn beneath the church window. Surely this was the proper setting for romance. But he who would win a true American girl must do so by love and not by using these words of Mr. Smith. "I have decided to offer you myself and all I have. I can make you happy. I have wealth and influence. I will have political power when the war is over. Will you think over what I have said and let me know tomorrow if you will marry me?"

Looking Mr. Smith squarely in the eye Eolene



said, "I can answer you now." Then she paused, seemed to consider and said, "No, I will not answer you. I will not discuss such a thing with any one unless he wears the olive drab. If you want to talk about such things—mind you I said even talk about such things to me—you must join the fighting forces." Then she turned and joined the crowd.

As she walked away Eolene was more beautiful than ever. Added to her many attractions there was a dignity which was becoming. For a moment Mr. Smith would have resigned his position, let go his ill gotten wealth and have taken his place where he belonged in the ranks.

Such a resolution was but momentary. He knew that he knew nothing about military life and that by merit he could never win a commission. Quickly he gave up the thought but never dreamed of slackening in his effort to marry Eolene. He just merely changed his tactics and used that which he knew better than military tactics. For some time he sat and studied. Of one thing he was certain. He would see that Lieut. Black had so much work that he would have no time off. He also decided that he would see that he had disagreeable work. Once he thought of having him assigned to South America with a butcher company. Then he thought that all



personnel officers were not like him and that possibly those under whom he would then be would give him a fair chance. He wanted to get Lieut. Black out of the way, yet he was afraid to let him have a chance. For if given a chance Lieut. Black would accomplish too much to suit him.

Returning to join the crowd, Mr. Smith saw Isabel the center of attraction in a group of officers. Someway he had never really looked at her. Now as if seeing her for the first time he stood and gazed. Being somewhat away from the group his attention was not noticeable. For the first time he noticed that she had an abundance of light brown hair, deep blue eyes and a profile as perfect as a model. He wondered why he had never noticed how beautiful she was before. Then he dismissed the thought of Isabel because her father was only a captain and he didn't suppose he had any money.

Placing money above all else has made many unhappy. Some know nothing except greed. Surely they have no sense of beauty, love and honor. Their life is worth nothing to them and is oft-times a drawback to the rest of humanity.

Nothing is more effective to encourage the real spirit of Christianity than well conducted church sociables. Mark that I say well conducted. This was a sociable where all enjoyed themselves



in the fullest. Our friends spent a very enjoyable evening. Mr. Smith spent one busy in thought. At eleven o'clock all joyfully left the church to rest that they might renew their energy for the following day.

Quickly the weeks passed away. Constantly more work was put on Lieut. Black. He spent his days and nights in his office. The wee small hours of the night found him at his desk, leaving only to get a little sleep and to renew his work early the next morning. Oft-times the girls came to talk to him at the noon hour, but he rarely found time to visit them. Such a thing as an evening off in which to go to town was unthought of.

By the middle of February Lieut. Black had almost ceased leaving his office except when necessary. For some time he had not felt well. He never dreamed that work was being shifted to him which should have been done by other officers. He did not have time to see the many loafers of camp. He had given his all to help win the war and he thought he was doing his duty.

No one, it matters not how strong, can stand the strain of constant mental and physical exertion without sometimes relaxing. One day Lieut. Black was sick and there was a pain in his right side. The same day brought much extra work.



The work had to be done and Lieut. Black thought he was the dependence to do it. All day he labored on, unheeding a rising temperature and constant pain.

That evening as Lieut. Black left the office to go to supper he met Dr. Bryant of his home town, who was a surgeon in the Army. Calling to him Dr. Bryant asked, "What is the matter, Black?" To which Lieut. Black answered, "Nothing, I guess. Think I will soon be all right." Coming nearer and making a quick examination the doctor told him to sit right down and stay quiet while he ordered an ambulance.

For the next few days Lieut. Black lay in the hospital very sick. He had a complication of diseases. The doctor did not seem to know what was wrong. He had symptoms of appendicitis, but they thought that something else was wrong. Each day Lieut. Black grew worse. One day it became apparent to the surgeons that something must be done at once. The best surgeons in camp held a consultation and decided to operate for appendicitis. Already Lieut. Black was so sick that he hardly knew what was going on. As a last possible chance he was rushed to the operation room.

Then memory faded away as a nurse stood by and held his hand so that he would not feel alone.



Finally the operation was over. The surgeons had but little hope. They committed their patient to the hands of Army nurses to let woman's care save life if possible.

Always there will remain in the minds of those soldiers who were in the hospitals, memories of those noble women who so faithfully did their duty. Day and night, apparently never tiring, they went about their labor, always cheerful and willing to do their duty. Many are the soldiers who are now well and happy, who owe their lives to their untiring care. Nobler and better women never lived than those who forsook all else and gave their time and sometimes lives to the Army. The millions of boys who were in uniform will always remember them, while many a proud mother and father may thank them for a son who returned to them who otherwise would never have reached home.

All night Lieut. Black lay barely conscious, hovering between life and death; while with the least movement hands as tender as a mother's supplied his needs.

The third day found Lieut. Black conscious and feeling some better. On the following day the nurse said, "Who do you guess is here?" Without waiting for an answer she said, "Your parents have come. We are going to let them



see you." This was a pleasant visit indeed. The patient was able to discuss home and home people and at once began to feel much better.

Lieut. Black was too sick to see visitors. Yet he knew some one daily thought of him because each day brought some remembrance. Usually it was flowers which were placed in water by the bedside.

Then the days grew into weeks as the patient became gradually better. However it was a bad case and took time.

One day the nurse announced that visitors might see Lieut. Black. Then instead of flowers Eolene came each day and sat by the bed as long as time would permit.

There finally came a time when the nurse permitted Lieut. Black to sit up. In a few days he was allowed to sit on the front porch and watch the mighty river boats as they plied the St. Johns river. Finally came a sick leave to go to Tennessee to recover.

While Lieut. Black was away Mr. Smith decided to see that Eolene was transferred away from Camp Johnston. Not knowing her mother's changed attitude and wanting her under what was once her mother's influence, he saw that she was immediately sent to Chattanooga.

Immediately on receiving orders transferring



her, Eolene wrote Lieut. Black, who had just left for his parents' home in Tennessee, about her transfer. She also said that Chattanooga is a very healthy place and every one recovered there quickly. Lieut. Black needed no further invitation. He at once decided to spend part of his leave at Chattanooga.



## CHAPTER XI.

### LIEUT. BLACK AND EOLENE AGAIN IN TENNESSEE

Rest and home soon restores health. The great Army surgeons are wise in allowing those who have been dangerously ill to return to the scenes of former days. What better environment can there be than home and those with whom one was raised? Even the old home itself brings many pleasant memories. Quickly Lieut. Black was restored to health.

With the return of health Lieut. Black renewed many old acquaintances of his childhood. It will be remembered that he was reared in Tennessee and only went to Arkansas to practice law after finishing school.

On a near-by farm there still resided a childhood sweetheart. There was the town near by where in former days he had attended many social functions in company with the gay and young.

What is sweeter than old acquaintance renewed? The scenes of happy former days are pleasant to contemplate. Lieut. Black was soon having a wonderful time. Old love affairs, where nothing



save distance has marred their happiness, are easy to renew.

It was the last night of Lieut. Black's stay at home. The next day was to find him on his way to see Eolene a few days before returning to camp. The night was still and quiet. The half moon showed herself scarcely above the tree tops. This was a night for contemplation and thought, especially for those who must part on the morrow. Since supper the Black family had sat on the front porch. A conversation had barely been maintained. All seemed to be consumed in thought. At an early hour all retired except Lieut. Black, who sat some time alone. Then he saw shining from the window of his childhood sweetheart a light exactly as it had shone many times in the past. As then he could not withstand the temptation to walk out in the field near by and watch for a glimpse of a fair inmate if per chance she passed a window.

As Lieut. Black stood concealed in the young corn lest the moon beams might discover him to a possible passer-by, he saw his childhood sweetheart come to the door, look towards his home and then raise a lovely hand as if beckoning him to come. For a moment his heart stood still. He felt that he was living again in the days gone by. Involuntarily he started forward. Then a lovely



face, though tear-stained, was seen for a moment as its owner slowly turned and disappeared in the house.

Long did Lieut. Black stand as if in a dream. Then suddenly straightening himself as if he heard the word "Attention!" he briskly walked home.

Once more good byes were said and Lieut. Black was on his way to Chattanooga.

Those whom honor and fame have attended need not fear but what society will lend her charms and indulgence. On reaching Chattanooga Lieut. Black learned from an old friend that Eolene was the center of attraction at many social functions. This was indeed an honor, as Chattanooga has many with "all that wealth and all that beauty ever gave."

The next few days were gay ones for Lieut. Black and Eolene. Chattanooga, known for her hospitality and inhabited by pleasure loving people, was at her best. Tourists and Army officers added no little to the continual chain of social activities. There were banquets, operas and dances galore. Added to these were the more rare entertainments.

Many men of fame and wealth constantly sought out Eolene and considered themselves lucky if they could but talk to her a few minutes.



Handsome officers wearing the insignia of high rank were constantly at her side.

Yet when the hour grew late and quiet places of rest were sought, always Jewell and Eolene were to be found together.

Some would have been satisfied to go on forever in the gay round of society; but Eolene was not satisfied. Duty came first and she longed to see service in France.

Only one day remained and then Lieut. Black must return to camp. Though there was a longing to be near Eolene he was glad to get back to doing something to help win the war.

Of course Eolene and Jewell spent the day together. The morning was spent in part reviewing the past and in part planning for the future. It had appeared strange to them that they could not get to go to France. For some time they had discussed it when Mrs. Norvill appeared and listened to the conversation. As if trying to suppress some emotion she haltingly said: "It is not your fault. I don't think Lieut. Black can do anything. As you, Eolene, are under another personnel officer, you might see him. I know——" Then as if determining to say no more Mrs. Norvill turned and walked away.

When suspicion is already stirred a fact or two confirm an opinion. Immediately Jewell and



Eolene were on their way to see the personnel officer at Ft. Oglethorpe.

On Eolene presenting her case the personnel officer merely remarked, "That is strange. I must confirm your statement by your record." Directing a clerk to bring the record he asked a few questions and then waited. On examining the record Eolene's statements were confirmed. Turning to the proper clerk he said, "Send Miss Eolene Norvill to France at once." Turning to another clerk he said, "Send this telegram to Washington to the investigation——"

Our friends heard no more. They were too happy. Yet the personnel officer smiled as he heard Eolene say as they went out at the door, "There is an honest personnel officer."

The last afternoon had come. Lieut. Black was to leave early in the evening. Eolene expected orders for France soon. Many thoughts held our friends' minds as they spent the afternoon at Eolene's home. They were glad that a thoughtful mother took care of all callers and they were left alone.

The call of duty in war time is stronger than all else. Father Time waits for no one. The hour of parting came. This time one must return from over seas before they meet again. This farewell was behind closed doors and we don't know what happened. We will not surmise.



## CHAPTER XII.

### SWEETHEARTS SEPARATED—FRIENDS TOGETHER

Midsummer found Lieut. Black a commanding officer of a student company. This was known to be one of the most difficult positions in camp. Yet Lieut. Black was proud to know that he was once more helping win the war. Though he had made many applications to see foreign service and been refused, Lieut. Black never gave up hope. Though he could not get to go himself he could train others, see them promoted over his head and go happily on their way. Each day young officers came to bid farewell to their C. O. and express appreciation for what he had done for them. Yet they always paused and wondered why the officer they loved best and the one held in highest repute could never get a chance. Still the days passed by and Lieut. Black toiled on. When the day's work was over Lieut. Black and Miss Greene oft-times spent the evening together. Sometimes they rowed on the river. Sometimes they went to Jacksonville. Often they sat at home and read the letters together, they had received from over seas. There was a common tie, for the person of all persons to each was over seas. Oft-times



they wondered if they would ever meet and oft-times they wished that they could and be as much comfort to each other as they once were. Thus the time passed away and the summer was gone. Still the friendship of Isabel and Jewell grew and still the letters came regularly each day from "Somewhere in France."

There came a season when no letters came. Mail being irregular because of war conditions, nothing was thought of it. A week passed and still no letters came. Then came days of anxiety for our friends. As soon as work was over they hurried to see each other to find out if perchance one had received a letter. None came.

As the days went by and no letters came from "over there" Jewell and Isabel each evening looked over the casualty lists. With the reading of each name they shuddered lest the next should be that of the one who was dearest to them of all others.

It had been so long and their names had not been published that it was feared that they were prisoners. Death would almost be preferable to imprisonment. Then when almost they seemed gone forever without a trace as to what went with either, the casualty list showed Eolene Norvill slightly wounded and Lieut. Henry Deal severely wounded. Somewhat comforted, the hours and days following were bearable because at least they



were known to be in the care of American nurses and doctors.

Days of anxiety followed. Each day was looked forward to hoping for good news, but with night came nothing save sleeplessness and worry.

One day Lieut. Black received a letter. The postmark and hand told who it was from. He did not wait to read it but as quick as a side car could be ordered he was on his way to Isabel. Running in he threw the letter on her desk and said, "Read it. I am so happy to see that hand again I can't."

Glad to once more see the handwriting of her friend and to know that Eolene was still among the living, Isabel hurried to read.

*Dear Jewell:*

As you know I can't tell you much. I have been slightly wounded, but am almost well now.

Will wonders never cease? How I wish I could tell you! Anyway now I am sitting by the bedside of Lieut. Deal. He was severely wounded. For days we did not know whether he would live or not. I soon became able to care for him. Now he is improving fast. Tell Isabel that I will care for her lieutenant.

Wish I could tell you all about the big battle, the first time I saw Lieut. Deal and how glad I



was to see him. However, I doubt if the censor would let that through.

For fear it won't get through I will write no more now.

EOLENE NORVILL.

Always after great worry and anxiety, relaxation and the return of normal conditions brings great joy. That night Isabel and Jewell celebrated by attending a show at Jacksonville.

Every day a letter came from Eolene. Always she was cheerful and spoke hopeful of Lieut. Deal's early recovery.

One day Isabel was made very happy by receiving a letter from France. Although it showed that it was written by a weak hand it was that of Lieut. Deal.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### FRIENDS FOR LIEUT. BLACK—SUSPICION FOR MR. SMITH

So many strange things happened that groups of officers and men were oft-times seen secretly consulting. Those who had offered their lives to their country if necessary had done so that humanity might have justice. No wonder that they often wondered why Lieut. Black was held in camp. Finally the pressure became so strong that it became necessary to sign him out at once. So it was decided to assign him but to put him in a place where he would not be promoted. Investigation had forced a promotion for Lieut. Black three months before. Now he was due, according to his work, another. Much scheming was done. Mr. Smith could not help signing Lieut. Black to foreign service but he could choose the place. This he did and Lieut. Black was assigned supply officer to a motor truck train.

The assignment was so unjust that high officers in camp went to the personnel officer and demanded an explanation. They would not stand for such a thing any longer. They were just men and officers of the U. S. Army.



Things were then settled by the commander of the train saying that he too had been wronged by the personnel officer and that when he reached the gate he would see that Lieut. Black had the place he wanted. All seemed settled and all were happy. Thus the discussion stopped.

The unscrupulous are sometimes strong. This arrangement would not do if Mr. Smith was to win Eolene by holding Lieut. Black down, for when once from under his control Lieut. Black would get fair treatment and make a name with that of which Mr. Smith could not compare. So just before the train left, after Lieut. Black had equipped it and done all the work, Mr. Smith revoked the order and reassigned Lieut. Black to that camp. Indignant officers went to him. He told them that he was holding Lieut. Black for a good place and that he would soon be signed out. Yet at the same time he attempted to give Lieut. Black the most disagreeable assignment in camp. Long before that time the officers in camp had taken an interest in Lieut. Black. So this time together they defeated Mr. Smith's plans and gave Lieut. Black the best assignment in camp. However, this was so managed that Mr. Smith did not know about it. So until the camp was demobilized after the armistice was signed Lieut.



Black saw his best and most pleasant days in the Army.

The feeling against Mr. Smith became marked. Daily it was remarked that he should get out of the Army or in one. The Army was tired of civilian personnel officers. To their joy one day they missed Mr. Smith. What a relief it was. Those who had been wronged took courage and looked for a new personnel officer and a fair deal. Oft-times joy is short-lived. Mr. Smith returned from Washington wearing a major's uniform and took up his old place. Though they got him out somehow he got back as an officer. Think of it! From a civilian personnel officer to a majority in the Army. We hope time will right such errors. Our Uncle Sam was so busy winning the great war that some such men got away with something.

The rest of Lieut. Black's days in the Army were his happiest. He had one of the best and easiest assignments in camp. The work was so easy that he had much time to devote to pleasure. He also had a little time to prepare affidavits of those who had seen various works of Mr. Smith for future use should Mr. Smith ever again try to force himself before the people so that he might again wrong them. There was some time taken to have an expert accountant estimate the loss to the United States caused by his errors. There



was also some trouble taken to record a little story entitled, "Lost in the Army," growing out of a reform order gotten out by Mr. Smith. Would have been much better for Mr. Smith should he ever enter politics had he been fair and let Lieut. Black go to France. However, the commonwealth will be served by keeping him at Camp Johnston because now Mr. Smith can never win before the people in the face of recorded facts and thereby wrong them.

Sometime wrongs must end. Happily Mr. Smith could not continue the war.

For many days the eyes of the world were centered on the western front. The American Army, the bravest and best equipped in the world, was there in force. The great final struggle began and never abated. Each day brought tidings of many casualties, but the Huns were gradually pushed back. Millions of eyes each day searched the casualty list to see if there appeared the name of a loved one.

One day the heart of the world was made glad. The armistice was signed. This to the profiteer was unpleasant news. To the rest of the world it was the happiest of all days.

When the news of the armistice was flashed to all parts of the world there was a world celebration. That evening Isabel and Jewell attended a street dance in Jacksonville.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### FROM ARMY TO CIVILIAN LIFE

As soon as the armistice was signed the sentiment of the Army suddenly changed. Those who the day before had been interested in war began to think of home and the peaceful pursuits of life. They saw no reason why the United States should be out more money than necessary and were anxious to return home and go to work to do their part to pay the war debt.

The following months were busy ones for the personnel officers. The fighting units merely waited. The Quartermaster and supply departments were busy seeing after the property.

Of course Lieut. Black was anxious to get out and get to accomplishing something towards his life work. He made application to the personnel officer for immediate discharge. This was denied. A letter to the commanding general worked the charm and five days hence found him out of the Army.

Lieut. Black had never recovered from the unsuccessful operation when he had appendicitis. At any time since he could have been discharged. However he wanted to stay and said nothing about



it, oft-times working when he did not feel like it. The physicians marked him twenty-five per cent disabled, thus entitling him to compensation and benefits under the Vocational Educational Act of Congress.

Isabel had no trouble being discharged.

With the return of the first wounded from France for discharge came Eolene and Lieut. Deal.

All four of our friends were then out of the Army, all being discharged the first half of December. Then followed the days of home visiting. Such scenes are so mingled with joy and sadness that we will pass them unheeded. Time brings many changes. The returning soldier oft-times comes to find friends and loved ones gone forever. Oft-times he finds that the unscrupulous have made away with his property. While there are many things to bring sadness there are always the greater things in life to bring happiness. Usually as the train stops and the soldier steps forward he meets parents, friends, a wife or a sweetheart to welcome him home. Then all else is forgotten and he becomes happy in the knowledge that he is reunited with loved ones.

Many changes awaited our friends on their return to their homes. Some of them were minor while many were important. The greatest change was in the home life of Isabel. It seems that



returning soldiers had told Mr. Greene about the beauties and opportunities of South Carolina lying useless for lack of northern energy. Becoming interested he made a trip to the state and was convinced that what South Carolina needed was fewer ancestors and more men and women worthy of those ancestors. Selling his Ohio property at a high price he bought a large old southern plantation near Orangeburg.

Of course our friends wanted to meet again. It was now near the Christmas holidays. All were thinking of plans and constantly writing each other. The question was solved by Mrs. Greene inviting the other three to visit her daughter at her new home in South Carolina.



## CHAPTER XV.

### FOUR FRIENDS TOGETHER IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Peace and quiet ushered in the Christmas holidays in South Carolina. The season was pleasant in the ideal Southern winter climate. There was just enough chill in the atmosphere to bring health and vitality.

As the train on the day of the expected guests stopped at the depot a car drove up to the curbing and waited. Presently Isabel saw her three friends leave the observation car. She started forward to greet them. Then she paused and stood as if spell bound. Months before she had parted with a slender college man. Today that same man stood before her a handsome, well-developed officer in over seas uniform, wearing insignia showing many honors won in battle. He too paused, for time had added charms to a girl he already thought perfect. Then they forgot that they were in a very public place. More impatient people might have become weary, but Eolene and Jewell had seen but little of each other lately and they didn't mind waiting in the back seat of the car.

With an exclamation as if awakening from a



pleasant dream Isabel asked, "Where are Eolene and Jewell?" To which Lieut. Deal replied, "I think they are doing very well in the back seat of the car."

The train, which usually arrived earlier, did not come until near the middle of the afternoon. So by the time our four friends drove around town a while and got started home the sun was barely above the tree tops.

After the noise and bustle of war it was refreshing to be in quiet old South Carolina. With approaching night there came a stillness. The car barely moved down the broad highway. Gladly would they have driven on for always. Beautiful fields from which had been gathered cotton were dispersed among stately groves of pine trees and in the distance could be heard the tinkling of bells and the lowing of cattle, for it was about sundown and farmers were doing their evening chores.

On the crest of a hill Isabel stopped the car and pointed to a beautiful knoll in the distance. On it could be seen a pretty modern home where once a cabin stood. Near by there rose another magnificent building. Gently the smoke rose in many places above the pines and drifted away showing the locality of homes made by outsiders settling up the country.



South Carolina is awakening. A few years more and she will no longer have ancestors and dreams of the past but will boast of the future.

Slowly the car drove down the broad road and turned down a lane newly set with shade trees down which future lovers may drive, for now it is a real lover's lane and time will improve it. At least four lovers were now driving down it to be presently welcomed to a new home in the new South Carolina.

The war did much good in some ways. Many men saw new countries and will go there and settle. Others are convinced that they lived in the best place in the world and will be willing to remain there.

The old South Carolina was contented. The new South Carolina is progressive. Thirty minutes before theater time the whir of an engine was heard at the gate. Then Mr. Greene called, "Every one get ready. With good roads, autos, mail routes, and telephones, we are not exiled from civilization at all. Let us go to Orangeburg." This plan was agreeable to all and presently they were speeding down a good road to town.

Constantly the times are changing. Today the farmer with all modern conveniences has the advantages of both city and country. Mr. Greene was well pleased with his new home.



A few minutes after the show and our friends were again at the Greene home. A few minutes more and they were peacefully sleeping, breathing the pure country air.

Our friends awoke the following morning to find that the weather had changed during the night. A stiff wind was blowing from the north and the clouds hid the sky from view. Before nine o'clock a cold drizzling rain set in and continued throughout the day.

To a great extent we are children of our environment. Bad weather oft-times causes the moody to become despondent and the ordinary natured person to become sad. Our friends were so happy that no weather, it mattered not how inclement, could make them sad. Their minds could not run on the unpleasant things of life because they were so happy to all be together again.

Yet on such days while people must stay in doors their minds are naturally active. An active mind looks to the future. The mind of a lover is a builder's mind. There are dreams of home, children and a means of support. Naturally a profession is uppermost in the minds of young lovers facing the world and intending to embark upon its uncertainties.

As our friends sat by a country fire made of



pine logs in a large fire place, they naturally discussed the future.

Before being discharged Lieut. Black had secured a position with the United States Department of Agriculture and was to begin work on January 1st at Jacksonville. He had not mentioned that before, as he wanted to make sure of the position before he said anything about it. He was very anxious for work in Florida, as he thought it a good place on account of future development sure to come.

After telling of his determination to stay in beautiful Florida, the land of flowers, where the sun shines every day, Lieut. Black mentioned some of the beauties of living in Jacksonville. As if forgetting the others knew the town and apparently mentioning her advantages because he loved to hear about his chosen country, Lieut. Black mentioned the growing population, the tourists, the inland and foreign trade, navigation and the future of Florida. In the middle of his description of the beautiful lakes, the rural mail carrier delivered the mail and broke up the conversation.

The mail brought a letter from Lieut. Deal's father, as follows:



*Dear Son:*

You have been chosen to fill a newly created office in the bank. Your duty will be to investigate small loans. Many soldiers are trying to get started in life again. We have been very prosperous while others were fighting our battles as well as their own. Now we are willing to loan honest young men money at very low rate of interest that they may once more take their place in life. You will investigate the applicants and we will loan to all the worthy.

YOUR FATHER.

Stepping to the phone Lieut. Deal phoned his acceptance. Though usually rather quiet especially about personal affairs, Lieut. Deal became talkative. He discussed the many problems of the poor soldier being discharged without a start in the world. He said that he learned early in life that it is better to give than to receive. He said that he had so far given his all to the betterment of humanity and that he expected to continue the rest of his life. He expressed a perfect contentment in knowing that he could return to the mountains of Virginia and befriend those whom he had known as well as the stranger in their midst in his home town where his father



and his father's father had lived and made worthy and honored citizens.

The natural modesty of the American woman prevented the girls from saying more than that they just intended to stay at home. Yet constantly their conversation showed that they are true-hearted women and that their dream of the future was a home and all that goes to make one.

As the hours passed away our friends formed many plans for the future. Each pledged themselves to give their lives in the future as they had in the past to making the world happier. They agreed that they would do a good deed each day and never do a wrong to any one knowingly, especially any one who had seen service. How happy are those whose consciences are clear, who can sleep of nights in peace knowing they have done no man a wrong.

Dreary winter days followed and still our friends planned for the betterment of all. Oft-times as they looked from the window and saw the cold rain beating against the glass they wondered how many were cold that day and wished they could help some one.

Oft-times they wondered if the profiteers who run the prices of wheat up were happy sitting at banquets squandering the ill-gotten wealth while little children cried for bread. Oft-times they



wondered if profiteers who raised the price of shoes cared if, while they were snug and dry, many tramped the cold earth, sickened and died because shoes were too high for them to be properly clad. Oft-times they wondered if the profiteers ever felt remorse of conscience as they sat warm and well protected in the best of clothes while the cold wind caused many of the poor to shiver.

It was a chill December day; the sun had not showed himself since early morning. The wind had gradually increased and then a steady down-pour of rain set in. Our friends were busily engaged forming plans to help returning soldiers any way they could when a gentle timid knock was heard at the door.

On opening the door Eolene saw a soldier standing dejectedly before her as if undecided what to say or do. He wore a discharge stripe and three stripes of gold. The sight of Eolene's sweet face gave him courage and he straightened his drooped shoulders and asked, "May I stop here until it quits raining?" Happy that she might add one more star to a crown of service already glittering with many deeds of kindness, Eolene invited him in by the warm fire. Calling a servant she directed that a hot bath be prepared and that dry clothes be secured. Then before the soldier could object to so much kindness she



excused herself from the room. Presently she returned with a warm drink prepared by her own hand. As she left the room she told the soldier to come to the drawing room as soon as he could, that she wanted him to meet some friends.

As the soldier bathed and dressed he wondered why he had met with such a kind reception. It seemed to him that ever since he returned he had met no one who didn't have some scheme to get the little pay he had coming when he was discharged. How happy we are to know that there are only a small per cent of the people who are unfair and that the soldier was just meeting true Americans, the same kind as the great majority. Happily profiteering has become very unpopular. At the present rate sentiment will become so strong that profiteers will be unwelcome in honest homes and they will be remembered as a stain on their family record by future generations.

Kindness and almost perfect environment revived the spirits of the soldier and he appeared at the drawing room door feeling the effects of a good bath and dry clothes. As he saw two officers in uniform his heart beat with joy, for he knew he had friends. Theirs in many ways was a common cause.

While the soldier was warming our four



friends decided to question him as to how to help returning soldiers.

Time and again our four friends tried to draw the soldier into a conversation which would give them the desired information. He courteously answered all questions but was distinctively non-committal. Someway he had the opinion that the kindness which had been shown him was due to Lieuts. Black and Deal. He thought possibly that home displaying so much wealth had not done its part in the world war.

A picture of Eolene and Isabel in service uniform was in the room. Glancing at it and some other pictures the soldier soon saw his mistake. Pride of the American soldier had prevented him from telling anything except among friends. Oft-times soldiers will pay the last cent to profiteers without a murmur and proudly turn away without enough to eat.

Knowing he had interested listeners, theirs being a similar life, the soldier became talkative. He told of his being one of the first men drafted from his county, of his immediately being sent to France and the many battles in which he had taken part. In a low voice as if speaking more to himself than any one else, he continued. "There were sights over there which I shudder to think of and wish I could forget. When one of the



big battles was raging I was shot down by a machine gun. The ground on which I lay was taken and retaken a number of times. There was no time to care for the wounded. Opening my eyes I saw a German uniform. I thought it was all over with me. Then I saw the face of the wearer. It was the sweetest woman face I ever saw except that of my wife. She had put on that uniform for a disguise and was on the battlefield. Binding up my wound quickly and giving me some water she said, 'I am looking for some one,' and hurried on. Suddenly he stopped, looked at Eolene in amazement and said, "You are that girl, I actually believe. Are you not?" To which Eolene answered, after placing a hand gently on Lieut. Deal's shoulder, "And here is who I was hunting."

Then followed a scene intermingled with tears and laughter the like of which can never be the experience of any except the true-hearted who have befriended each other.

As the day passed away many scenes were reviewed. Oft-times they had been near together on the great western front and knew much in common.

Near the middle of the evening the clouds broke away and the sun shone warm. Looking out at the window the soldier remarked, "I must



be going. I must again get started in life and make a living for a wife and little children."

All begged him to stay. Finally he consented.

That evening they sat by the fireside. All seemed to be thinking and for some time very little was said.

To somewhat enliven the evening Eolene suggested: "Let us all write down some one thing we shall strive for to bring about a true democracy." This suggestion was very agreeable to all and presently five suggestions were written as follows:

1. Let the profiteer know that he is unpopular.
2. Prosecute violators of the law.
3. Love home and try to make one perfect.
4. Remove those from office who do harm or do nothing.
5. Help every one you can to better his condition.

Eolene put the pieces of paper in a box, shook them up so that no one would get the one he wrote, distributed them and requested that each make a short talk giving reasons supporting the authors.

Eolene drew, "Let the profiteer know that he is unpopular." Rising she said, "This is one subject where a woman can give many reasons besides 'because'. In the first place most profiteers are dishonest and get their money in any



way possible. Secondly: Oft-times they take a little from many individuals. They don't get enough from each poor man to satisfy their greed but very little, but the little they get is often more than the poor can afford and sometimes even prevents some from getting a start in life."

Looking at her watch Isabel said, "Time is up. Those who get to talk most must talk fast."

To this Eolene answered, "No one ever lets me say all I want to say. Anyway I couldn't on this subject."

Lieut. Black drew "Prosecute violators of the law"; and spoke as follows: "Before joining the Army I was a lawyer in Arkansas. For a while I was a deputy prosecuting attorney. It was my duty to prosecute criminals. Always I did my duty leniently except where there was no question in my mind of the guilt of the charged. When I knew one was guilty I never hesitated to do my best to see that the criminal was punished. Profiteering itself lends suspicion and with a jury who know the present methods would have its weight. All true Americans believe in punishing crime. The only thing to prove is that excessive profiteering is a crime. Could there be a greater crime than taking the essentials of life from the people just to hoard?"



Just then Isabel tapped on the table and announced "Time is up".

As was his custom after many times hearing the judge call time, Lieut. Black sat down.

Isabel being next in line drew "Love home and try to make a perfect one." With ease, dignity and apparently the convictions of her words Isabel said, "Civilization and happiness center around the home. Every one has a right to have a home. When conditions become such that many people have to go through life without a home something should be done. There should be flowers, a garden and children. Of evenings, instead of seeking pleasure elsewhere, the home should be sufficiently attractive to return to it with pleasure." Glancing at her watch she said, "I must hush. My time is up."

Lieut. Deal drew "Remove those from office who do harm or do nothing." Earnestly Lieut. Deal discussed the subject as follows: "One man high in office can cause the unhappiness of many. Oft-times those high up who have the power will hold some from a place they deserve, possibly ruining their lives for a few dollars. Too many men high up have sold out to railroads and the great corporations." Before he could go further he heard Isabel say, "Time is up. I believe you were going to tell us something specific and likely



very interesting. I want you to tell us later about the particular case you have in mind."

The soldier drew "Help every one you can to better his condition." Slowly he rose and spoke as follows: "I was never a man of words. In a small way I have been a man of action. I can't talk. So I will just tell about myself. I was reared in the mountains of Virginia. My parents had seven children, five boys and two girls. For generations five thousand acres of mountain land had been handed down to the oldest son. It was rough but there are pretty valleys in which stock and cattle graze. There are also mountain creek bottoms which are fertile and produce good crops. I never went away to school. We thought we knew and had enough. Then came the war. After each war my forefathers returned to the mountains to take up life again. Father and mother are dead. My wife, myself and two little children lived at the old home with the other six children. Being the oldest son I owned the land. Yet we all owned it together. We paid the taxes and did the work together and shared equally according to the work done. We were happy and free. As I was saying the war came. Two brothers and one sister were old enough. We went. The other four stayed at home. Last week I returned to find my property being moved from the farm and



my sister and little brothers being dispossessed. A big profiteering company wanted the land because it was found that it is underlaid with good coal. The company produced in court a claim with a handwriting like mine claiming that I signed a contract for a lot of machinery and mortgaged the land. I never signed a contract for a lot of machinery and never got or had any use for the machinery. Yet they got my home. I know nothing except to work. I left my people in a little rented cabin on a near-by mountain side and am now making my way to the orange groves of Florida, where wages are good, to make a living for them."

The watch and time had been forgotten.

Lieut. Deal turned to Lieut. Black and asked: "Could you as a lawyer save his property?" To which Lieut. Black answered, "Yes. It would be easy for an honest lawyer. Some might be tempted to sell to the company."

Placing her arm around his neck and looking straight at him with soulful eyes in which tears stood, Eolene asked Jewell; "Won't you return to the law practice and be a lawyer?" Who could resist?

Before he could say yes, the three speaking all at once plead with him. They argued that honest lawyers are so needed. Above the rest could be



heard Deal's voice saying, "Then you could go to Congress and help get office holders out who do harm or do nothing."

In answer Lieut. Black said, "When my contract with the United States Department of Agriculture is up I will again become a lawyer and remember 'Whatever thy hand finds to do, do it with all thy might,' and when my hand is placed to the plow I will not turn back. One of my first cases will be the restoration of this soldier's property, if he wants me."

This soldier had heard the shell scream over his head and the shrapnel burst near without showing emotion, but kindness overcame him and as a baby he wept and would have said much. Yet there is a pride about strong men which causes them to want no one to see their emotion, so Lieuts. Black and Deal with a real brotherly feeling begged him to say no more.

The following morning was Christmas day. The sun rose bright and clear. As our friends stood on the front and waited while the car was driven to the door they were very happy. They were sending a present to a little wife in the Virginia mountains, her husband. Pride prevented and they could not give him any money. Yet Lieut. Deal was glad to know that through his bank he could help him.



"It is better to give than to receive." Those who had made it possible were almost as happy as the soldier himself. All day they were happy. The following day the phone rang and Isabel answered. Turning to Eolene she said, "Some one is crying; do try and find out what they want. I can't." Taking the receiver Eolene made out that it was a long distance call from the mountains of Virginia and was from the wife of the soldier, wanting to thank them for the return of her husband.

As she turned blue eyes in which the love-light shone to him Isabel asked Henry, "Do you think you will ever be so foolish about any one?"

For answer he embraced her in his arms, kissed her and said, "I am already that way." Eolene and Jewell thoughtfully withheld themselves from the room and left the lovers. They needed no other entertainment.

Then out into the fields Eolene and Jewell wandered. Jewell had something to say but he would not speak until he was established in his profession. How much happier he would have been if he had only known that "Love bears all burdens," and that Eolene would have said yes. Joyfully she would have helped him fight the battles of life. She was not a girl to expect a



man to fight alone, gain wealth and indulge her in idleness in after years.

When Eolene and Jewell returned Isabel and Henry were standing on the front. Somewhat timidly Henry asked, "Will you drive with us to the church?" The tell-tale blushes of Isabel told the story. No questions were necessary. Quietly they drove down the highway to the old brick church near the cross roads. None other than these were present except the minister.

It was near the noon hour. The sun cast his warm rays on the old church covered with English ivy laying dormant until the spring time should come to bring forth the foliage.

After the minister opened the doors the church was filled with light. The party passed in and the doors were closed. The sun's rays finding entrance only through ancient stained windows dimly lighted the church. Behind these thick walls no noise was heard save the voice of the minister as he said the ceremony and then invoked the blessing of Him who directs our destiny.

Slowly they passed from the church, bearing the approval of God and man, out into the world to fight the battles of life and to help others.

While the ceremony was being performed Jewell's hand sought that of Eolene. He yearned for the time when they too would be married.



Woman is patient and waits. Gladly Eolene would have helped Jewell with his profession and did not want to wait. Yet she did not speak. In future years sentiment may change and women may have the same right to speak as men.

Isabel and Henry had embarked upon the sea of matrimony. Life was real and opportunity was great. From a life of much idleness and waste of time in society they were beginning to really live. Married life is the happy life. After all people are only happy when accomplishing something. The gay butterfly's life brings pleasure a while, but true men and women want a home and children.

Lieut. Deal's work began January 15th. He wanted to be on the ground before that time.

Mr. and Mrs. Deal wanted to spend a few days in Washington on a bridal trip. Time was precious. It was decided to take the morning train the following day.

It being within driving distance our four friends decided to go to Columbia and once more visit the scenes of many pleasures during the war. Broad improved roads made travel fast. The party was the guest of Lieut. Black at a quickly arranged dinner party at the Jefferson Hotel. A few old friends were present, including some officer friends who gained fame during the war.



The drive home from Columbia was pleasant and quickly made.

On the following day the sun was already well up in the sky before our friends were ready to start to Orangeburg to take the train. Hurriedly they ate breakfast and were soon speeding to Orangeburg.

When they arrived they found the train was an hour late. A pretty park was near by and they went there to wait for the train.

While waiting Isabel suggested that each express in a few words their life ambition. Then she added, "Mine is to make a good wife. I know I can accomplish more by having a home and children than any other way."

Lieut. Deal said, "We are one now. My aim will be to make a good husband. That means a good deal, too: for if we please our wives and make good husbands we must go to church, belong to good lodges, help the poor, be thrifty, saving and constantly bring joy and happiness by helping others."

There being no more volunteers, Isabel scarcely concealing amusement said, "Eolene, what do you prefer to do in this world?" To which Eolene answered, "Whatsoever thy hand finds to do do it with all thy might."

Seeing that he must reveal his life ambition



and not desiring to evade the issue, Lieut. Black said, "I too wish to be a good husband. My efforts in life shall be to make an honest lawyer and to help the poor, oppressed and needy. Most of all I desire to help remove those from office who are an incumbrance; those who hold office but who have only done harm or done nothing."

The train rolled in the station and stopped quickly. The conductor, impatient to gain the lost time, cried out "All aboard!" Soon two of our friends, happily bound in wedlock, were speeding towards Washington, while two lovers, each thinking but saying but little, slowly drove to Isabel's home.

Lieut. Black knew of no place in the world he would prefer to be than with Eolene. As Mrs. Greene had invited them they decided to spend a few hours with her. She was lonesome without her daughter.

Left alone, Eolene and Jewell spent many happy hours together. Yet there was always that feeling of uncertainty. They must soon part. Each had confidence that the other would be true and that some day they would be happily married. Yet courtship is not a substitute for marriage.

In a few days a letter came to Eolene as follows:



*Dear Eolene:*

Hope this letter will reach you before Lieut. Black has to leave. Could write a book, but it is only a few minutes until this letter must go. You don't know how happy we are. Don't gad around and in after years be an old maid. I will tell Jewell to speak up the first time I see him.

I saw Mr. Smith yesterday. He was asking about you. He is just the same except he looks worried. He is very successful financially, but his conscience seems to bother him. He wants to stay in public life. He even wants to run for a high office. He had better not. The soldiers will be against him.

Will write later.

Lovingly,

MRS. HENRY DEAL.

As Eolene and Jewell read the letter there was more sorrow than hatred for Mr. Smith. Eolene repeated, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." To which Jewell answered, "Let us forgive him, and remember his wrongs no more. As for myself, I will hold nothing against him because of the past, but will try to see that he never holds an office or in any way imposes on the people again." The subject was dismissed. The hours were all too short until they must part.



The night train had to be caught so that Lieut. Black could be ready to begin work. How short the hours were. Each wished that they did not have to part. Yet neither spoke. Pride until he had a sure living prevented Jewell. The natural reserve of woman kept the least word from escaping the lips of Eolene.

At the train they parted. Why it should be they knew not.

Lieut. Black found his new work very interesting. The agricultural possibilities of Florida are great. There is sunshine and rain in abundance. The seasons are so mild that crops can be raised the year round. Many projects for the development and betterment of Florida were being worked out by Lieut. Black, when one day he found that he must take another operation because the first one for appendicitis was not a success.

Thinking it not a serious operation Lieut. Black did not write Eolene or his people about it until it was all over and he was well on his road to recovery. After the operation it was learned that Lieut. Black would never thoroughly recover. He can never lift heavy weights and do hard work as he once did. This being the case, he gave up his position with the Department of Agriculture. Our Uncle Sam is a good old man. When the



boys get injured in the service he comes along and refits them for some life-work which they can do.

While Lieut. Black was in the hospital, a representative from the Vocational Educational Board visited him and arranged for him to enter school as soon as able at the University of Florida to take a J. D. degree, thus further preparing him to pursue his chosen profession, which he gave up to join the army.

Until school was out in June Lieut. Black diligently pursued his law studies, preparing for the great battles of life. Though a perverse personnel officer held him out of the battles of France for personal reasons, Lieut. Black is destined with the aid of a great government to overcome his disability because of the unsuccessful operation and to help fight the political and other battles which are now looming big in the near future and speak fair to soon become as serious a problem as the World War. Those who have suffered and borne the hardships make the best standard bearers in this age of many profiteers and unscrupulous politicians.

Shortly before the University closed Lieut. Black received a letter from Lieut. Deal as follows:

*Dear Black:*

You remember the soldier who visited us at



Isabel's home? He is still living in the little cabin patiently waiting for you to come and regain his property for him. Can't you come up to the mountains of Virginia and spend the summer with us and see after his case? Isabel is inviting Eolene. You might go by for her. Yes, of course, I know you will be here now. So we will expect you to be here all the summer.

The bank loaned the soldier money. He can live until you win his property if you have success. Try to keep them from appealing to higher courts and causing delay.

Write me when to meet you and Eolene at the train.

HENRY DEAL.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### IN THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA

As soon as school was out Lieut. Black went to Chattanooga to see Eolene and to persuade her to go to the Virginia mountains to visit Mrs. Deal. Mrs. Norvill had been wanting to do some mission work in the mountains for some time. She suggested that a cottage be secured and that the Norvill family spend the summer near the Deal home. This plan was agreeable to all.

The following day found the Norvills and Lieut. Black on their way to Virginia. The trip was a pleasant one up through the beautiful valley of East Tennessee, then through pretty and famous valleys of Virginia, ending far up in the mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Deal were waiting at the station for the expected guests. They had received telegrams and all preparations were made, even to the securing of a cottage.

The Deals lived in a little county seat town. It is one of those quaint Virginia mountain towns. There the people know each other by name. Most of the inhabitants have lived there all their lives, merely taking up the work of their forefathers.



Always this had been a mountain farming and grazing country. Very little timber had been cut, as there was a prevalent belief that sometime the timber would bring much more. Besides the people loved the forests and did not want to see them destroyed.

Anxious to see their new summer home the Norvills insisted on going there first. Somewhat reluctantly the Deals agreed. Preparation had been made at the Deal home for dinner. Mrs. Deal saved the day by phoning the servants to have the noon meal put in baskets; that they would be by for it.

After driving by for the dinner and stopping a while to see the pretty Deal home, the party drove to the summer cottage prepared hastily with one day's notice for the Norvills. The road wound around the mountains. Gradually they went higher and higher. Then the road became merely a shelf in the mountain side. On reaching the top they saw the cottage. It was indeed a home for an artist. As far as the eye could see there was mountain range after mountain range interspersed with valleys from which rose small blue clouds of smoke showing that thrifty housewives were preparing dinner.

In the valley to the east Lieut. Deal pointed out a well-kept farm. There was a house built



of native stone and a great barn around which herds of cattle could be seen watering from a mountain spring branch running through the lot. Through the low gorge near the middle of the farm could be seen the railroad winding its way among the mountains. Near-by the track could be seen a new switch and machinery was being put in place for coal mining. A little farther up the hill many new homes were being built for the coal miners.

It was a merry party as they ate their dinner on top of the mountain in the cool shade, breathing the pure mountain air. Yet there was a note of sadness, for far in the distance, almost secluded from view, could be seen a little cabin where a soldier lived who had been wronged in his rights while he was in France fighting for the common good.

The Norvills were happy in their summer home. The Deals were happy newlyweds. Lieut. Black was alone. There doesn't seem to be any place in the world for bachelors. So Lieut. Black went down to the hotel to live. A single person can't really do so much for themselves as married people can and really accomplish as much, but they can do for others. Lieut. Black determined to regain the lost farm for the soldier.

The law and facts were easy. The trouble



was that money was to be used to buy the jury. The judge could not be bribed. It was feared that the sheriff could be bought, so that if bystanders had to be resorted to to secure a jury he would pick men "fixed" and selected by the corporation. This was the thing Lieut. Black had to fight.

Court convened in July. Having nothing else to do Lieut. Black gave his entire time to preparing the case and watching developments. As he stood on the streets of evenings he could often hear paid propagandists saying that a poor farmer could not use this land and that the corporation should have it, and many other similar arguments. Some were deceived. The thinking honest people began to see through the whole thing. Money was freely used for sympathy when it was thought advisable.

Day and night Lieut. Deal, the soldier and friends strove to overcome the influence of the powerful corporation and their money. Eolene and Mrs. Norvill gave their entire time. Though in the right and knowing it, our friends saw the corporation gaining daily in influence. Then it was discovered that they were giving "watered shares" in the corporation, one and two in a place, to get support. The influence of money is hard to overcome. The holder of stock had it



pointed out that the corporation must win or the stock would be worthless.

The town loafer saw himself becoming a millionaire. Those who talked most and had always done less became the greatest boosters. Yet our friends worked on diligently. Taking a general view of the situation, it appeared that things were somewhat improved. It was found that soldiers, bond buyers and government supporters in general could not be perverted. The better people began to take interest to see that justice was done.

Corporation lawyers are wise. They are usually among the best in the country. All of a sudden they changed their tactics. They saw they couldn't buy a free American people. They could buy only certain ones. They had to work under cover. The propaganda was heard no more. This was meant to quiet the people, let them be unsuspecting and "pull something over". It was too late. The people were awake. The trouble was that they didn't know what to do. Yet all eyes were turned on the sheriff. Somehow they mistrusted him.

Long before the hour for court to convene on the day of trial the court room was crowded. Those coming late only found room in the court yard.



At the convening hour the crowd gave way for the judge and court officers to enter the bar. Then the judge's voice was heard saying, "Mr. Sheriff, open court." After the regular formality of opening court the judge turned to the clerk and asked, "Mr. Clerk, what is the first case on docket?" There was a hush as still as death as the clerk read the style of the case which was to determine whether a returned soldier should or should not have his home.

Presently the regular procedure was begun to select a jury. Slowly the regular panel filed in and took their seats. Then began the examination of the jury. As each man's name was called he rose to answer questions. Each was asked if he had heard the case discussed and if he had formed or expressed an opinion. To that question each answered yes and was promptly dismissed. Then the other regular panels were exhausted and no jurors secured. Turning to the sheriff, the judge directed, "Mr. Sheriff, you will summon from the bystanders twelve good men qualified to serve as jurors."

Those sitting near, by close observation, might have seen a piece of paper slipped to the sheriff by the corporation's leading lawyer. A close look would have revealed the names of twelve men. Concealing the slip from view in a note book as



he apparently took down the names, he read the list of twelve men. As their names were called they answered here and took their place in the jury box.

Lieut. Black examined each man separately. He asked each minutely if they knew anything about the case, if they had heard it discussed, if they were interested, and many other questions, to all of which they answered no. Every one present saw what was being done. There was the town loafer on the jury, and the rest were of his stripe. It was generally believed that they held watered stock in the corporation. Yet they had said that they did not. Necessarily they were all taken as good. Those dismissed peremptorily were replaced by others just like them and in the same way. The people looked on in awe and wondered what was coming to pass. They saw the grip of the oppressor and wondered if ever their homes would be taken.

On the faces of the jury was written the mark of the oppressor. They were now feeling certain that the corporation would win.

The judge ordered that the case proceed.

Rising to his feet Lieut. Black said, "If your honor please, I have a point of law for the court to consider. I would like to present the plaintiff



and ask that the jury be excused while it is presented to the court."

After the jury had filed out the plaintiff took the stand. Lieut. Black asked him where he was when the corporation secured judgment against him and took his home. To this the soldier answered, "In France." Then he asked, "Have you proof of that fact?" He answered, "I have certified copies of records showing it, and my word." Lieut. Black told the soldier to hand the records to the judge. Quickly the judge glanced at the same, satisfying himself.

Standing near the bench, Lieut. Black read the laws enacted by Congress in reference to judgments secured against soldiers while in service.

After a brilliant and learned argument to the point Lieut. Black concluded by asking that the case be taken from the jury, it being a legal point. The former judgment and subsequent sale of property be revoked and the soldier be repossessed of his property.

As the judge slowly examined the law the people held their breath. Many were the prayers that went from the lips and hearts of women that the right would prevail, while stalwart men swore vengeance against the corporation if they should win.



Raising his eyes from the book after writing some time, the judge said, "Mr. Clerk, you will issue subpoenas for this list of men to appear before the grand jury to be examined for perjury. You will also enter judgment for the plaintiff for possession of his property and for all costs and damages, including rent since he has been dispossessed, to be assessed by a jury."

Once more faith in justice and right returned to the minds of the people and they went gaily out of the court room. Yet one tarried to express his gratitude to his lawyer and the judge. Nothing would do but that Lieut. Black must go home with him and spend the remainder of his vacation at his home. What could be more pleasant than living in an old stone house with those filled with gratitude for service rendered to see to his every want. Besides, the cabin in which Eolene lived was in sight not far away.

Lieut. Black was so tired that he did nothing except rest for the following few days. Each day Eolene looked at the old stone house far down in the valley. Sometimes she saw Jewell resting in a swing on the front.

One day, taking some signal flags, Eolene stood in an open place in plain view of the old stone house and waved to Lieut. Black as he rested on the front. Waving back Lieut. Black



disappeared in the house and presently returned with his flags. Then Eolene spelled, "I am going over to see you by the old trail." To this Jewell answered, "I will meet you half way at the brook."

Long before Eolene reached the half way mark Jewell was already resting on a boulder in the little brook around which clear sparkling water ran. As he sat enjoying the cool mountain breeze he thought of the happiness of the mountain people and compared their lives to that of the city people. Almost he wished he had been born and reared in that wonderful country.

Glancing up the mountain side Jewell saw Eolene slowly descending the winding path, gathering wild flowers which grew by the wayside. As the sun shone on her dark hair and beautiful face, reflecting a pure soul, she was then even more his ideal of womanhood. He sprang from the rock and started to meet her, intending to wait no longer but to make sure of her at once. Then he thought of the fact that he had given most all to his country and wanted to first get a start in life.

Resuming his seat on the rock, he awaited her approach. She came near to the brook and sat by the water's edge on a fallen log. As if in a deep study she sat and watched the little fish swimming in the clear water. Raising her eyes



she saw Jewell. Quickly she walked to him and sat on the rock by his side. Together they watched the fish as they merrily played below them. Then a red bird sang above their heads. Looking up they saw the nest and on a near-by limb the mate sat and watched.

All nature seemed so happy. The Creator prepared for the birds and fish, but to man he gave a mind and required more of him.

Long they sat, each engaged in thought, saying but little. Finally Jewell remarked, "The birds have mates. God intended that none shall be alone. All of his creation was in pairs. They have means of support. Man must provide for himself."

To this Eolene answered, "The birds and the beasts have faith. They are happy and fear not but what they will be provided for. Man should have faith. God loves all his creations and will care for them if they follow in his steps."

As if he could wait no longer Jewell said, "Eolene, will you wait for me until I can be sure of making a living and then be mine?" She simply answered, "Yes." Then time passed so fast that they were only apprised of the time of day by the darkness gathering in the valley. The sun had sunk behind the mountains.

It was too late for Eolene to go home alone.



Together they followed the old trail up the mountain to the Norvill house.

The tell-tale story was written on their faces as Mrs. Norvill greeted them at the door and said, "I have seen it for some time. My children, come in to supper." Somewhat teased, yet not backward, Lieut. Black stayed and did not again follow the old trail until the wee small hours. Then by the light of the full silvery moon he walked home, enjoying the happiest time of his life.

Early the following morning Jewell appeared on the front with his flags hoping that Eolene would be out and see him. His wish soon came true, for Eolene also appeared with flags hoping Jewell would be out and see her. Jewell spelled out, "Drive over and spend the day." The answer was spelled back, "Mother and I will soon be over."

Happy to be of service to their friends, the soldier and family were glad to know that they could do something in return. It was declared a holiday in that home and all members went about preparing for the guests.

Before nine o'clock a car stopped in front of the old stone house and the guests were met at the gate by a happy family.

Nothing was spared for the happiness of the guests. Even they made apple cider from ripe apples and cooled it in a mountain spring. The



table was loaded in good old country style with many dishes. Fruits, some of which are peculiar to that section, were served, as well as mutton from their own flocks.

As they all sat in the shade of the trees in the afternoon, the soldier discussed his plans for the future. Of course all the machinery and buildings which had been placed on the land became the property of the rightful owner of the land. Luckily the delays of court allowed the company to complete the work on the machinery and open cuts to the coal. All was ready for operation.

Some of the truest and purest hearted people in the world are in the mountains. They will divide to the last with their friends. Having been befriended, the soldier wanted to befriend others. He was now very wealthy and wanted to do the greatest good to the greatest number. He asked if some one would suggest a plan whereby he might use his wealth to help them by giving to the deserving.

Eolene suggested that he operate a joint stock company and mine coal. Her plan was for there to be as many shares as there were miners, for all to share equally and then divide profits according to number of hours worked by each stockholder in the company after all expenses, including royalties, repairs and damages were paid.



This idea appeared good to the soldier except he would not agree to accept a royalty. He said he was already wealthy with the surface right and that he would accept nothing himself. He also said that the members of the new company should be soldiers who needed work.

This world would be much happier if those who have more than they need would help the needy. Each day giving is becoming more and more the spirit of the people. The wealthy are no more looked up to as formerly. Those who make the world better are the honored.

The remainder of the summer vacation was spent by our friends helping others. Oft-times they took long trips far into the mountains, gave much, helped and encouraged the needy. Oft-times they investigated worthy cases and helped secure loans for them from the bank through Lieut. Deal. Oft-times they visited the sick, the infirm and the needy.

As the summer passed away, many soldiers trained in various ways came to work in the mines. At first there were only a few and they worked in a primitive fashion, doing almost everything by hand. Then more came and the machinery operated by competent hands was started. As the days passed away, more and more men came and constantly cars of coal were



shipped. Each month the profits were divided.

As prosperity came to all, a church and school were built. There was no need of play grounds, as there were broad fields, the forest and the mountains.

Thus grew and developed and will continue to prosper a happy community.

Happy and proud that they could help others, our friends spent a pleasant summer and almost wished that the last week of vacation would never come. Then came Thursday before the Saturday when friends must once more part and some go to work in other fields.

Thursday afternoon while our friends were at the Norvill summer cottage, an ex-soldier dressed in uniform rode up to the gate, dismounted, handed a letter to Lieut. Black and said, "Sir, orders from headquarters." Reading the communication Lieut. Black passed it to Eolene, who read as follows:

Headquarters Soldiers Haven,  
September —, 1919.  
Special Order No. 1.

The following are hereby invited to report for pleasure at these headquarters at 7:30 p. m. this date, namely: Lieut. Jewell Black, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Deal, Mrs. Norvill and Miss Eolene Norvill.



Headquarters for the night at the old stone farm house, one mile southwest of Soldiers Haven Mines.

EVERYBODY WHO WORKS,  
Commanding Soldiers Home Mines.

This was a rather unique surprise. Other things were being done by a grateful people, but this was a little out of the ordinary.

All of course wanted to go. Jewell wrote, "Received 4.15 p. m., September —, 1919. J. B." Then each of the others wrote their initials and returned the original. Eolene kept the attached copy.

At the appointed hour the guests drove in sight. At the gate there awaited a company of soldiers, dressed in full uniform. As our friends looked from the hill above they wondered what was to happen. To their surprise when the car came near, the voice of an old time first sergeant was heard to call out "Fall in." Promptly the company formed in the road in front of the car and marched in front of our friends to the house. They then executed squads left and stood at attention while the guests entered the house. After being dismissed all gathered together, gave yells for the honored guests and then sang war songs.

The soldiers had brought their families. Many



beautiful young women, some holding their first child in their arms, were there.

Many of the soldiers and their wives were accomplished in various ways. There was no lack of entertainment. There were songs, recitations, wrestling and boxing matches.

Some one asked a corporal what he could do or talk about. To this he answered, "I can't tell very much about the battles because I had no chance to go over. However, I can tell a lot about profiteers and crooked work on this side. I was in the service two years. I was recommended for a commission the first month I was in the service. I never got further because I became an efficient worker in the personnel office and they wouldn't let me out. Just today I received a letter from the man who held me—Mr. Scanlin Smith."

Eolene requested the corporal to read the letter. Taking it from his pocket he read as follows:

*Dear Sir:*

Have decided to do what I can to right the wrongs I did you and others in the Army. I held you and kept you from going over because I couldn't get along without help. I got a place I didn't deserve and couldn't fill it. You should



have been the major and me the corporal. I held some on account of personal grudges. I won't ever tell them but I liked you and am willing to do what I can.

During the war I made money in ways I must not mention. Possibly you caught on to many things. You remember the first sergeant who was made a captain while his company commander was a lieutenant. Well anyway, that lieutenant is going to win in life and he is going to show up some crooked work.

Money obtained the way I got mine doesn't do any good. I intended to use it to get into politics after the war. It won't work. Too many know too much. I am going to give the money away. I will as far as possible give it to the people I wronged out of it.

I have reformed. I won't enter politics now. I might have been a statesman. Now it is too late for that. I could never be more than a crooked politician.

I am going on the farm and live an honest life, staying out of public life. Yes! I feel I have reformed and will hold out and stay out of politics.

SCANLIN SMITH.

After the letter was read it seemed that all wanted to talk. For the next few minutes the



people gathered in groups and discussed many things, principally personal affairs. Some believed Mr. Smith would reform. However, those who know him best are somehow skeptical and fear he is just at his old tricks and will yet try to "pull something over the people".

Soldiers and patriots all over the United States will try to see that men like Mr. Smith are never placed in positions of public trust, especially those which are the gift of the people.

Past wrongs were soon forgotten and once more the people's minds were turned to pleasure.

Then came the eats. In true military fashion all formed in a long line and marched to their places. Long will this supper be remembered. It was conducted as an Army meal, but none could recall one as good. Yet there were some good meals served in the Army, especially on Christmas and holidays.

Until the wee small hours of the morning the dance never slackened.

Finally the hours of parting came. A bell sounded. Then a private wearing wound stripes mounted a chair and said: "We have those here who fought and won over yonder. We have those here who worked on this side and made it possible for others over there to win. We have here as honored guests those who are fighting the people's



battles in peace times. Tomorrow Lieut. Black goes from us to fight other battles in other places. In a few days Miss Norvill and her mother will go home. Thank goodness we have Mr. and Mrs. Deal here with us. Let us give our yell for each of our friends separately and then tell them good-bye."

Then many voices were raised as the cheer leader called the names and led the yells.

Quickly our friends were surrounded by grateful soldiers and their happy wives. Involuntarily many tears were shed as each soldier shook hands and thought of their happy peaceful life and what it might have been without their friends' help.

Saturday and the day of parting for our friends came all too soon. Yet how different is the parting when friends and lovers part only for a time, trusting that they will soon be reunited.

The evening train bore Lieut. Black to his work in Florida. However, he carried the promise of Eolene to follow at his calling.

When hearts are united they should not be separated. Let us hope that Lieut. Black will soon gain the place of trust he seeks. Then though he was disabled in the Army, his disability will be overcome and he can return for Eolene.























